TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

In conversation with one of the brainiest and most conscientious business men in the city the other day I was asked, "Who shall be mayor next year?" I told him I had not the slightest idea, that there seemed to be a dearth of candidates. "Not only that," said he, "I haven't been able to think of a man whose business engagements would permit him to enter a mayoralty campaign who is in any way fit for the position." I enquired as to what requirements he looked for in a mayor. He replied, "He must be honest, earnest, and yet strong and able to manage men. Now, there is Gillespie, a thoroughly honest man, has good ideas, would devote himself to the public good; yet he has such an unfortunate manner that he would be unable to control the council, and would excite such antagonisms that I fear his usefulness would not be very great, unless a special council were elected to support him."

"How about Boustead?" I asked.

"Boustead is a capable man, but he has a habit of being on every side of a question, and without being able to lay their hand on any particular instance of unreliability somehow the people do not seem to trust him. I do not myself, and yet he has done a very great deal of good work for the city." I mentioned another well-known man who has occupied distinguished positions. "It would kill him," said he, "he could not stand the fight. He would try to do right, but he is not strong enough. He would not do wrong; he would simply expire." I mentioned another name, that of a strong aggressive man, who is said to be ambitious. "He could never be elected," said he. "He has separated himself from the people; not only his manner but his alliances have made him unpopular. He would be honest enough, but we could never get him there."

I then mentioned the name of another well-known citizen. "He would make a splendid mayor," said he. "He understands every detail of the questions now before the city. He is strong and tenacious, but he is a Grit, and if Clarke should be a candidate again he could not be successfully opposed by anyone but a Conservative. Now there is another Grit, Robert Jaffray; he has enormous interests in the city, made his money out of railroads, real estate and speculations, but he is absolutely honest; he would be thoroughly unapproachable, yet he could not be elected. The Conservatives of the city would be afraid of him. Withrow is always considered an available man, yet I think he is over-rated. He is stubborn and narrow, and the working men have never forgiven him and never will; he could not be elected."

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So for half an hour we discussed the problem of the mayoralty. My friend's aims are high. He has a very large mercantile business which it would be impossible for him to abandon, and I am not at all sure that he could be elected himself. With charity for all the aldermen he ran over their names, calling attention to the lack of sincerity and zeal which characterized them nearly all. How willing they were to have the public rights quibbled away, while in their own affairs they fought bitterly to retain all their possessions and prospects! The disheartening feature of it was that no suggestion could be made by either of us, no men suggested who were available and could be elected to the mayoralty, and but few who could be made to listen to a petition that their services should be devoted to the city for a year or two.

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Is it not strange that in a city of nearly two hundred thousand people mayoralty timber and proper aldermanic representatives should be so scarce? The mayoralty of Toronto offers to a sincere and ambitious man an opportunity of becoming more conspicuous than any other man in Ontario. Genuine ability, earnestness and an unspoiled heart, would bring a mayor of Toronto into public sight as even a cabinet position at Ottawa could not do. There is so much to be done, and no matter how people may talk there are such opportunities of doing it, that a man could make a record in this city which would never be forgotten. But how scarce sincere and earnest men of ability are! A low and disheartening cynicism seems to have taken possession of not only the man whose only part in the election is in casting his ballot, but those whose ambitions soar to the highest places. Worse still—popularity seems to follow the man who has decided that public life is but an opportunity of getting into sight and remaining there by impure, or at least inexcusable, means. How seldom a good man, who has the public interest at heart, comes forward to make a fight on behalf of his city or country, or if he comes forward and refuses to bargain with the baser elements or to adopt a conciliatory tone towards those whose interests are opposed to the welfare of the city, how quickly the newspapers and the venal crowd, which seems to monopolize the public ear, hoots him out of hearing as a crank, a dreamer or a Puritan! The hearts of the best men are broken in this way and they are driven into retirement because they feel unable, single handed, either to prove their sincerity and the righteousness of their case or the insincerity of others and the improper methods they employ.

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Toronto is singularly unfortunate in the public men she develops as her representatives both at home and at Ottawa. Of course there are notably exceptions, but I speak of the rule, and I don't think we have to seek very far for the cause. Both the importance and size of the city are of a recent growth and the ablest men are engaged in fighting their way. Then again, we are singularly Puritanic in some respects and as lax as the code of Mephistopheles in others. Those who consider themselves "very good" are forever arrayed against those they consider "very bad." Amidst the so-called very bad are some of the ablest men, and in the ranks of the very good some of the slipperiest and most untrustworthy are to be found. No one who does not originate with the Very Good can be trusted by them, and history has shown that the men chosen by the Very Good have not been able to attend to public business. Then again the partisan feeling is very strong. Only such Grits as can take off their opinions and put them on again to suit the company they are in can get the ear of Conservatives, and Protestants are so suspicious of Catholics that that section of the community is debarred from holding office. Subdivisions of parties and sects could be exemplified without end; but our petty jealousies and the necessity of pandering, the contemptible smallness of the issues where popularity and prominence place themselves have killed off ambition, which must run the gauntlet of these fierce factions. Sincerity has become almost impossible, honesty is laughed at, public spirit hooted down until those who have anything to lose either in pocket, reputation or opinions will not venture into public sight.

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So long as we have reason to suspect the courage, the motives or the methods of so many of those who represent us, so long as their course is so narrow and petty that honest ignorance is the best we can credit them with, even capable and honest critics cannot be expected to laud those who claim to have made sacrifices for the public good, when it has been proven to us so absolutely that these so-called sacrifices have done nothing but public harm. I feel sure that it is as wounding to the conscientious citizen to criticize severely the conduct of representatives, as those representatives claim it is for them to hear the adverse opinion of the electors, but nothing else is possible at present. We are unworthily represented, but very few men of brains and proper ambition think of offering themselves to the electors of Toronto. It is a pity that it is so, but it will continue to be true as long as our methods and our system remain the same—indeed until the system is changed a man can accomplish but little even after he is elected unless he fights everything through at the point of the sword. Trimmers and tricksters by avoiding the hatred of any one class will continue to use successfully their petty means of retaining popularity, and the public good, the permanent success and progress of the city, and the most uplifting ideals of public life must be sacrificed and we shall continue to be, as we are, the worst represented city of its size and intelligence on the continent.

Week before last I had a very enjoyable trip out west and saw for the first time those ambitious cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Last week I had the pleasure of being anniversarian at my old college in West Virginia, and mine was the joy of again seeing the Virginian hills robed in what remained of their autumn glory. Fifteen years had made little change in the hills or the huts that cluster about the mines or the straggling streets of the village which it was once my delight to disturb. Old Virginia and West Virginia both look old, the farms seem worn out, the men seem weary and the women tired, and in town and village there are so many loafers! And the roads. Great gods, what roads! I had not forgotten that they were bad, but after being away fifteen years and then to go back, those roads were a revelation! The train got stuck in a notch blasted out of the side of a mountain, and it was nearly night before I reached the river. The ferry boat had stopped running and with a friend who met me I crossed in a row-boat, which immediately proceeded to get stuck on a mud bar. When we got across and got in the buggy it was eight miles to Bethany, and with a student's recklessness my friend started out of town with the horse on a run. The mud spattered the houses on both sides as we went past. I told him if he would just as lief I would much rather go slower. The horse went faster still. I again entered my protest. "We will break something or be tipped over the bank, and we won't get there to-night if we keep up this pace."

"That is all right," said my friend. "The horse is running this thing; I am not. I can't make him go any slower."

He stood up and leaned all his weight on the lines, but it made no difference, then he sat down and let the horse go. "He will soon quit," he remarked in a comforting tone. "As soon as he strikes soft mud he will go slower."

I thought we had already struck the soft mud, but in five minutes more the wheels were sinking half way to the hubs and the horse had quieted down to a jog. I remembered that road, for I had gone over it often. It is a little notch cut along the side of the hills and its course is that of Buffalo Creek, sometimes the roadway creeping through the tunnel two hundred feet from the stream below, again dipping down the little notch to within a few feet of the water. Scarcely anywhere is it wide enough for two teams to pass. If you hear anyone coming you must slip into the first notch widened out for the purpose and wait, or they must do the waiting act for you. Then the tunnels are dark as a dungeon, so are the bridges, which are all covered for no reason that I could ever divine. Once after my Christmas holidays a party of students came to meet me at the river, and after an evening of jollity we started for the old college, I leading the van in a one-horse buggy and my room mate beside me. My trunk, in the double rig behind, was causing inconvenience and they shouted to me to wait until they fixed it. While my horse was standing he got restless and to quiet him I struck him with the whip. It was a very dark night and neither he nor I could see anything. He jumped forward and struck his nose against the rock and began to back up, or, as it happened, to back down. I felt the hind wheels go over the bluff. My companion shouted, "We're gone!" Then the fore-wheels and the horse followed, and we rolled some forty feet down into the valley. When they got a lantern and hunted for us I was discovered under the seat, my head having been shoved through the back of the buggy. Billy Hannum was in a hole and a wheel was doubled up over him, and the horse, knocked insensible by the fall, lay on top of us both, and the buggy was more fit for kindling wood than anything else. We were a little lame for a few days, though no other evil results followed, but my memory of that episode made me very ticklish during my ride the other night. However, after we got through the mud, the horse broke into a run and away we went over those hills, through the dungeon-like tunnels, rattling over the dark bridges, the buggy swaying, while my companion was vainly endeavoring to acquire some influence over the horse. We made the seven miles in three quarters of an hour, and when I got out I was glad I was alive.

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I shan't inflict you with any reminiscences of my college or college days. What I started out to write about was the fact that I thought I knew how to travel. I came back convinced that I have much to learn. In selecting the route to that out-of-the-way place I was six hours longer on the road than I need have been, because I did not take time to learn the best way to go. When I went west I got my route mapped out for me by Mr. J. A. Richardson, the Canadian agent of the Wabash, as kindly and genial a soul as there is in the railroad business and representative of as good a line as a man ever rode over. Gentlemen such as Mr. Richardson are appointed by the roads to give information to those who intend to travel, and they esteem it a pleasure to sit down and make out a time table for you, not only over their own road but over such others as you intend to use. They can tell you which is the best train, give you hints which will prevent long delays, and altogether make pleasant a trip which, if you rely upon yourself, is apt to be troubled by uncertainties and marred by unpleasant events. If people would only take half an hour before starting to consult with the representatives of the most distant roads over which they shall pass, they get much information which cannot be furnished by a clerk in a ticket office or the passenger agents of local roads. For instance, Mr. Richardson told me of the Wabash trains between Detroit and Chicago, and Chicago and St. Louis, which run apartment sleepers, and I was careful to use them, for the apartment sleeper is a great comfort. You go in and shut the door, and if there are two of you together you have all the privacy of a bedroom, plenty of room in the berth, with a place to hang up your garments, one's valise and satchels are not shoved under the berth, and traveling under the circumstances is just about as comfortable as being at home. The man who is too proud to ask questions when he is traveling makes a very great mistake, but the one who does not ask questions before he starts is apt to make a still greater one.

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I had a pretty good chance in traveling through eight or ten States prior to the election to learn something of the public sentiment which caused the great Democratic victory on the Fourth. As far as I could learn the McKinley Bill was the greatest factor—Speaker Reed's arbitrary ruling and the bosslain in various states, principally Pennsylvania, coming next. The Democrats have been very cunning in making the most of the McKinley Bill, and they have been aided by the greed of many manufacturers, who, while they cut down the wages of their employes ostensibly on account of the McKinley Bill, raised the price of their output and excused it on the same grounds. The people were thoroughly disgusted, farmers and urban residents alike. Then again, the Farmers' Alliance in the western states is a big movement and indicative of the discontent which is inflicting the unfortunate prairie agriculturist. Their farms have been devastated by cyclones, the crops ruined by drouth, and their growing grain destroyed by insects, until those who trust to the product of the soil are in a miserable condition. When the farmer is unhappy or unfortunate he blames his rulers. Throughout the western states they allege they have been robbed by officials. In order to better themselves they nominated farmers for office and place, and on the ticket a great many foreigners, notably Swedes and Norwegians, in the North-West. The result you already know. The success of their candidates has been phenomenal and I have no doubt that two years from now the Farmers' Alliance will be a very great factor in the presidential election, as their recent success will but encourage them to more ambitious undertakings. In the south, where they have formed a coalition with the Knights of Labor, they will insist upon controlling the Democratic nominations and will doubtless hold the balance of power in several states. The Republicans feel this and they are the saddest set of politicians I have seen for many a day.

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One of the saddest stories of the year is that of a poor young governess in London who called herself Carrie Vernon. Highly educated but friendless, she was an inmate of a wealthy home in the metropolis. The son of her employer, who is described as a handsome and arrogant youth, having insulted her by propositions which no decent girl could fail to resent, he feared she would make complaint to his parents, and forestalled her by making villainous accusations which drove her from the house and made it impossible for her to procure employment elsewhere. Preferring to die rather than to join the ranks already so full in London of those who are shameless as well as hopeless, she committed suicide, thus closing a terrible chapter of suffering and unjust censure. Who could blame the girl for committing suicide under such circumstances, starved almost to a skeleton, and with that awful heart-sickness which comes to all those burdened by injustice and are powerless to right a wrong? Surely if there was ever a case when the human soul has a right to appeal to the Supreme Tribunal of God, that was one, for on this earth there was no longer a hope that justice would find her out.

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Whether we can justify her or not she is gone, but the young man probably remains, and if curses are multiplied on the head of anybody how doubly cursed he must be! There is no meaner, more contemptible, or more cowardly vein in human nature than the tendency to whisper away the good name of a woman. When men get together, particularly when two get together, they are inclined to exchange confidences; then, when the two are reassorted, confidences are again exchanged, and the folly of the woman is the property of three; and when these three each find a boon companion confidences are again exchanged, and what a woman may have done for love is a story common to perhaps six as ruthless blackguards as there are in the city. Sometimes men are braggart fools enough to boast of their conquests. In clubs I have heard little knots of men discussing the character of a woman when I have felt that I failed in my duty in not slapping the ears of those who took part in the discussion, though the woman was a stranger to me. The exchange of experiences is natural to men, and women should recognise the fact. Except in isolated instances where a strong tie, or a great fear, or a self-contained nature is involved, such a thing as complete secrecy is never found. Sometimes the story is told without a name, and then men are watched, if the tale is believed, to find the key of it, and thus worse than publicity is the result. No matter how natural it is, the man who tells such stories is a wheelp, and it is simply a problem whether he is the greater cur if the stories are true than if they are false.

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But when we come to a man, or one wearing the clothes and having the shape of a man, who maliciously, or to protect himself, tells a false tale of this sort, there is no word in the English language which conveys the villany of

The Fugitive Irish Members of Parliament.

which he is the embodiment. The man or boy who would do such a thing is an incarnate fiend of selfishness, he is unfit to live, he is a curse to the earth and a disgrace to his mother. When discovered he should be branded and a description of him should warn every civilized community against the unclean beast who is at large. DON.

Christmas Prize Stories.

Those who have read the seventy-five stories submitted during the prize competition have made their award, which will be announced in the Christmas number of SATURDAY NIGHT, which will be issued about the first of next month. The stories throughout have been excellent in plot and composition, and considerable difficulty was experienced in deciding upon the best one. The prize story for adults, the prize children's story and the prize poem, together with such others of the competition tales as will permit, will appear in the Christmas Number, which, by the way, will be an exceedingly handsome and entertaining holiday souvenir. The best judges pronounce the pair of large colored litographs which are being presented with it as equal in subject and workmanship to the best ever offered by the London *News* or *Graphic*. It will consist of forty-four pages, beautifully illustrated, and filled with the brightest and most original productions of Canadian writers and artists. The readers of SATURDAY NIGHT can be assured that nothing better has ever been issued in Canada, and as the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT are not prone to self-glorification they may feel assured that our promises will be amply fulfilled. The retail price is 50c. The Number will be forwarded post free to those addressing the office of publication.

Social and Personal.

The Grenadiers' ball on Friday evening last was well attended, almost too well for the greatest amount of comfort to be derived from dancing. The gowns were exceptionally pretty, and among those who wore them were: Mrs. Bankes, a pink surah and tulle embroidered in gold, diamond ornaments; Mrs. H. K. Merritt, white brocaded silk trimmed with gold and amber passementerie, diamond ornaments; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, red silk costume with trimmings of red tulle, red bird pompom; Mrs. W. H. Beatty, handsome black and white brocade, diamond necklet and pendant; Mrs. Henry Cawthra, yellow satin; Miss Helen Cawthra, a rose pink satin; Miss Cawthra, white satin; Miss Lockhart, red spotted tulle over red silk; Mrs. Bristol, white brocaded silk with gold passementerie; Miss C. Brough, white tulle dress, moire waist and ribbons, with pink roses; Miss May Todd, blue satin and tulle; Mrs. Austin Smith, buttercup satin duchesse and diamonds; Miss Ryan, heliotrope chiffon with a deep border of heliotrope striped satin; Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, white satin and silver brocade; Mrs. Jack Alley, pink brocade and white point lace; Miss Amy Bolton, white tulle and silk; Miss Helen Beardmore, white satin striped chiffon with pearl fringe trimming; Miss Parsons, pale blue tulle with velvet bodice and silver fringe; Mrs. William Crowther, white and silver brocade and yellow chrysanthemums; Mrs. Hebden, black Spanish lace with cream and terra cotta chrysanthemums; Mrs. Albert Gooderham, white satin and brocade, feather trimmings and diamonds; Mrs. Law, blue silk, white point lace and yellow trimmings; Miss Foote, black net and jet, with wreaths of smilax; Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, white silk with silver brocade; Miss Sybil Seymour, pale blue; Mrs. Foy, canary satin; Mrs. George Ryerson, heliotrope silk embroidered with purple heartsease, white crepe de chine on the waist and pearl ornaments and necklace; Miss Yarker, turquoise blue and gold ornaments; Miss Beatty, pale green with red velvet trimming and dainty little head dress of red velvet; Mrs. James Crowther, black Spanish lace and moire with diamond ornaments; Mrs. George Crawford, red satin and tulle with red plume; Mrs. Barwick, old gold and white brocade; Miss Thorborn, white and green; Miss Langmuir, yellow silk and tulle with yellow tips; Miss Spratt, pale blue net and feathers; Mrs. Armour, white silk and crepe de chine; Miss Walker, white silk and yellow chrysanthemums; Miss Hugel, yellow crepe and gold ornaments; Miss Beaumont, gray silk and steel; Miss Morgan, mauve; Miss Arthurs, white and gold; Miss Fanny Smith, black and salmon brocade; Miss Mackey of Ottawa, blue crepe de chine; Miss Barker of Hamilton, white satin; Miss Wilkie, white tulle with satin bodice and clusters of snowdrops; Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, black silk combined with white satin and veiled with black lace; Mrs. O'Reilly, pale green and lilies of the valley.

Those present were Miss Emma Armstrong, Mrs. Arthurs, Miss Arthurs, Miss Elema Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. M. Aikey, Mr. A. L. Branchand, Miss Barker, the Misses Bush, Mrs. Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Miss Maud Beatty, Miss Amy Beatty, Miss Beaumont, Mr. C. W. Beatty, Miss D. Bolton, Mr. Hume Blake, Mr. A. G. Beardmore, Mr. H. J. Bethune, Miss Bethune, Miss Marion Bethune, Capt. Beatty, Miss Constance Brough, Miss Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brouse, Miss Bickford, Mr. George W. Beardmore, Mrs. Arthur Baldwin, Mr. A. C. F. Boulton, Miss Brodie, Mrs. E. P. Beatty, Miss Agnes Bethune, Miss Violet Burns, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Capt. and Miss Brock, Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Bristol, Mrs. S. B. Brush, Mr. J. W. Bain, Mrs. John Bain, Miss Bain, Miss Amy Boulton, Capt. Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. F. Beardmore, Mr. R. B. Beaumont, Mr. J. G. Burnham, Mr. W. Horace Burnett, Mr. Clarence Bogart, Mr. Brougball, Mr. G. H. Bernard, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. J. B. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. C. J. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Crawford, Miss Crooks, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. James Carruthers, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Mrs. G. R. R. and Miss Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Miss Mary Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Miss Helen Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Croll, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Miss Mary Cooper, Mr. H. E. C. Carry, Dr. F. P. Cowan, Mr. Duncan Coulson, Mr. E. W. Cox, Mr. Dixon Fraser, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Fred. C. Denison, Lieut.-Col. and Miss Dawson, Mr. E. H. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Capt. and Mrs. Drayton, Miss Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. George Dunstan, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. Frank Darling, Mr. Easton Devonshire, Major and Mrs Ellis, Miss Ellis, Capt. Eliot, Mr. A. Kelley Evans, Mr. T. D. B. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Miss T. Foy, Miss Foote, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Fleming, Miss Forsyth, Miss Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Foy, Judge Finkle, Miss Finlay, Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald, Mr. R. S. Freeman, Miss Gray, Miss Lila Gibson, Lt.-Col. and Mrs Grassett, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson, Mr. F. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Miss Gimson, Capt. and Mrs. H. Green, Mr. F. C. Gooderham, Miss J. Hugel, Capt. Harkness, Royal Artillery, Mr. D. W. C. Harkness, Mrs. Holland, Mr. S. A. Heward, Miss Houseman, Miss E. Houseman, Miss Helen Hugel, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Heaton, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mr. J. C. Hopkins, Capt. D. M. Howard, Mr. A. McLean Howard, Miss McLean Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Heward, Mr. A. D. Heward, Mr. William Hendrie, Miss Hodgins, Miss Hagarty, Mr. J. S. Hart, Mr. T. F. Houston, Capt. J. E. Hughes, Mr. C. S. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Hebden, Mr. Wm. Ince, jr., Mr. J. Gordon Jones, Miss Jones, Mr. S. A. Jones, Mr. Ford Jones, Miss S. Jones, Miss Keefer, Mr. J. S King, Miss Helen King, Miss Kay, Mr. Nicol Kingsmill, Dr. and Mrs. E. E. King, Miss King, Mr. and Mrs. M. Kertland, Miss Kertland, Mr. E. A. Kent, Mr. Harold Kingsmill, Miss Lee, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Miss Lee, Mrs. Leahy, Mr. and Mrs. A Burdette Lee, Mr. and Mrs. J. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir, Miss Lockhart, Miss Gertrude Lockhart, Miss Livingston, Miss May Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsey, Mr. W. Standish Lowe, Dr. Lehmann, Mr. A. F. Laing, Mr. Alan F. Matheson, Capt. Morrow, Mr. D. C. Macarow, Miss Merrick, Miss Vere Munroe, Capt. Forbes Mienie, Major and Mrs. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Myles, Mr. Geo. S. Michie, Miss T. A. Michie, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mr. J. Denham Molson, Miss Molson, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Macculloch, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McCuaig, Mr. J. D. McLennan, Miss McMicking, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, Miss F. M. Mason, Miss A. E. Mason, Miss Maule, Miss L. Maule, Mrs. W. M. Merritt, Miss Morgan, Miss M. Morgan, Mrs. R. W. Meredith, Miss Meredith, Mr. F. M. Morson, Mr. W. T. Murray, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Mr. P. S. Maule, Mr. J. Gordon Macdonald, Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gordon Mackenzie, Mr. D'Arcy MacMahon, Mrs. Hugh MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bruce Macdonald, Sir D. L. Macpherson, Capt. J B. McLean, Mr. J. Drummond Mackay, Mr. A. Claude Macdonell, Miss Macdonell, Miss M. Macdonell, Mr. J. G. McDonald, Miss Isabelle Mackenzie, Miss Mackey (Ottawa), Mrs. Dr. Macdonald, Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, Miss McCarthy, Miss MacMahon, Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, Mr. L. S. McMurray, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. F. C. Macdonald, Dr. McDonagh, Mr. L. McCarthy, Miss Nanton, Mr. and Mrs. Neville, His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, Mr. and Mrs. E. O'Keefe, Miss O'Keefe, Miss O'Connor, Mr. Oswald, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Otter, Miss Otter, Mrs. Osler, Miss Osler, Mr. H. S. Osler, Mr. C. L. V. Parisot, Miss Palmer, Miss Petrie, Miss Pellatt, Miss Pellatt, Major and Mrs. A. G. Peuchen, Mr. H. V. Payne, Miss Parsons, Miss M. Parsons, Mr. F. W. Pauw, Mr. Pemberton, Mrs. Stephen Richards, Miss Richards, Mr. J. Grant Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Rutherford, Miss Rutherford, Mrs Hugh Ryan, Miss Ryan, Mr. J. T. G. Reed, Mr. E. C. Rutherford, Miss Maud Rutherford, Miss Amy Rutherford, Miss Ridley, Dr. G. Sterling and Mrs. Ryerson, Mr. Roll, Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. John Small, Miss Strange, Capt. and Mrs. Sloan, Mr. R. K. Sproule, Miss Kate Sproule, Hon. Frank and Miss Smith, Mr. John T. Small, Mrs. W. B. Smith, Dr. Richard and Mrs. Snelling, Dr. Spilsbury, Miss Skeaff, Mr. G. A. Salmson, Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Smith, Miss Grayson Smith, Miss Mary Grayson Smith, Miss Louisa Shanly, Mrs. Skae, Capt. F. Strange, Miss Seymour, Miss Stuart, Mr. Charles Swabey, Miss Swabey, Miss Lily Swabey, Miss Mabel Skae, Miss Sybil Seymour, Miss Madeline Surtat, Miss E. Shanly, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mr. George Sproule, Mr. Harvey Smith, Mr. T. M. Sanders, Mr. C. N. Shanly, Capt. C. V. M. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. Maurice F. Taylor, Mrs. John Taylor, Miss Taylor, Capt. Tassie, Miss L. Thomson, Miss K. Thomson, Miss F. Taylor, Capt. Trotter, Miss Trotter, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Mr. G. Thorburn, Miss Thorburn, Capt. and Mrs. Tidswell, Miss Jessie Thomson, Mr. A. Thornton Todd, Miss Todd, Mrs. M. Todd, Dr. T. Algernon and Mrs. Temple, Miss Turner, Miss Temple, Miss Ada Temple, Mr. Thos. Tait, Mr. R. M. Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Major Vidal, Mr. G. Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Watson, Mr. H. C. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Eber Ward, Mr. and Mrs. David Walker, Miss Walker, Hon. R. M. Wells, Miss Wetherspoon, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Miss Wilkie, Mr. Edmund Wragge, Miss Wragge, Miss Constance Wragge, Miss Wood, Mr. N. Weatherston, Miss L. M. Weatherston, Miss E. Weatherston Mrs. Wallis, Miss Wilson, Miss Edie Wilson, Miss Webber, Mr. C. M. Wilson, Mr. C. Walker, Mr. Fred Wyld, Miss Yarker, Miss Maud Yarker.

Mrs. Beckett of Quebec, daughter of Sir David and Lady Macpherson, is a guest at Chestnut Park.

Mrs. Blackstock gave a yellow dinner on Saturday of last week. The round table was most effectively ornamented with flowers following the scheme as regards color. Those present were Mrs. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Eber Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Judge Finkle, Mr. John Morrow, Mr. Darling and Mr. Harry Ward of Port Hope.

The chrysanthemum show has been delighting large numbers this week. It is a very often-expressed opinion that the varieties are surprising. We who think of chrysanthemums most often as yellow or white discs of tightly fitted petals are surprised at the size of these "show" blossoms. They are in delicate shades of heliotrope and deceptive pink shades, and long feathery petals float out and win unstinted admiration. The exhibitors are pleased with the result, and the "mum" show will in all likelihood be repeated next year.

Sir David and Lady Macpherson entertained at dinner on Thursday evening. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra, Sir Daniel and Lady Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Ridout, Judge and Mrs. Macdougall, Mr. Small and Mr. Tilley.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron entertained friends at a dinner party, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Eber Ward. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Mr. and Mrs. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cameron, Miss Beatty, Miss Small, Mr. P. Hodgins, Mr. Crooks.

Mrs. Beatty's dance on Thursday evening was a most delightful one, of which I shall give a full account in next week's issue.

Mrs. E. Gurney of Gerrard street gave a musical At Home on Friday night.

The Misses Seymour of Port Hope are again in town and have taken up residence for the winter at the Arlington Hotel.

Mrs. Hector Cameron welcomed friends to an At Home on Friday.

Mrs. Cameron of Carlton street gives a german on Monday next.

Some pleasant anticipatory talk is floating about with regard to St. Andrew's ball, which takes place some time next month.

Miss Mackey of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. Bruce Macdonald on Church street.

Miss Barker of Hamilton is paying a visit to Miss Fanny Smith of Bloor street.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt have returned from their lengthy wedding tour.

Mrs. Harry Ellis of St. Patrick street gave afternoon tea to a number of friends on Saturday of last week.

The Arts Club contemplate giving a fancy dress ball in January. If is not quite settled whether to allow masks or not.

The Cavendish Club, a young society organized two years ago, held its annual meeting on Tuesday evening. Officers were elected and all business transacted. The programme for the coming season includes an opening night, and later on a ball, also private theatricals, &c.

Mrs. W. H. Brouse, jr., welcomed a number of friends to afternoon tea on Wednesday. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Brouse, sr., and Miss Keefer of Ottawa. Among those present were: Mrs. Law, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Boulton, Mrs. Armour, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Bunting, Miss Bunting, Mrs. Blackstock, Miss Rutherford, the Misses Beatty, Miss Beaumont, Miss Macdonald, Miss H. Beardmore and many others.

The Charity Ball in aid of the Infant's Home promises to be a great success. It will be held in the Pavilion, on Thursday, December 11, under the distinguished patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell, assisted by Miss Ridout, President, lady managers of the Infant's Home and Lady Cartwright, Lady Gzowski, Lady Macpherson, Lady Wilson, Mrs. Geo. Arthurs, Mrs. W. Bulmer, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. Alexander Cameron, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Langmuir, Mrs. D Alton McCarthy, Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Mrs. Sweny. With an energetic committee the former successes will be far surpassed so society may look forward to a great treat in the near future.

Mrs. J. W. Bengough and her sister, Miss Siddall of Rosedale, have gone to visit their brother in Chicago.

The Literary and Scientific Society of Trinity Medical College welcomed their friends to a delightful evening's programme of music and readings on Tuesday last.

Mr. Justice MacMahon entertained a large number of friends at dinner on Tuesday evening at his charming residence; among those present were Sir Thomas Galt, Mr. Chancellor Boyd, Christopher Robinson, Q.C., Charles Moss, Q.C., Captain McDougall, T. C. Patteson, Mr. Nesbitt and many others.

Miss Palmer of Chicago is the guest of her sister, Mrs. George Dunstan of Russell street.

Miss Jaques has returned after a year's absence in England—and her relatives, Mr., Mrs. and Master Mitchell, of Manchester, England—and Mrs. Wilson and daughter, of Southport, have arrived with her. They intend spending the winter in Toronto—and the party have taken up their residence at 499 Church street.

Miss MacMahon, of 225 Carlton street, returned last week from a few months' visit to the Old Country.

Miss Nairn of Jarvis street returned last week, after spending a year and a half in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Burroughes celebrated their crystal wedding on Monday evening. A large number of guests assembled to renew the congratulations tendered fifteen years ago.

Mrs. Aikens, of Wellesley street, made welcome a number of guests to afternoon tea on Tuesday last.

Cards are issued by Mrs. Frank Smith for a ball to be held on Nov. 25.

The Fort Ball on Wednesday next is sure to be a pleasurable function, and many are even now anticipating the pleasure of a merry rout at the Fort.

A meeting of the members of the Cercle Parisien has been called for Tuesday next, November 18, at 4 o'clock, p.m., at the rooms of the Society of Artists, 173 King street west. A large attendance is expected.

The officers and members of the Wanderers' Bicycle Club are always happy in their smoking concerts, and the one held Wednesday evening last was no exception to the rule. The programme embraced twelve numbers, but these were augmented by frequent encores, and the two hundred young men who thronged the handsome club parlors listened to an entertainment that is rarely excelled in our concert halls. Amongst those who participated were Messrs. H. L. Clarke, H. Bartlita Mull, J. Bryce Mundie, Geo. S. Bowes, A. C. Fairweather, B. Ryan, A. Depew and H. Stewart.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Hobson threw open her hospitable doors to welcome about 200 people to the coming-out dance of Miss Agnes Hobson, her fourth daughter, who, by the way, is one of our prettiest debutantes of this year. Mrs. and Miss Hobson received their guests till about half past nine, when dancing began. Mrs. Hobson wore a gown of black satin and faille; Miss Agnes Hobson an exquisite gown of white silk demi-train, with a posy of white roses and feather fan; Miss M. Hobson looked well in black and steel and Miss Jean Hobson white and silver gauze. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. George Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Wardrop, the Misses MacDonald, Hendrie, Hamilton, Glassco, Gillard, Briggs, Dewar, MacInnes, Harvey, Leggatt, Watson, Mrs. Ernest Smith, of London, the Misses Billings, Hobart, Turner, Dunlop, Fuller, Ricketts, Walker, Barr, Brantford, Ambrose, Robinson, Gartshore, Lottridge, Tremaine, Grant, Martin. The gowns were unique and beautiful. Mrs. Mackelcan looked remarkably nice in yellow moire with ospreys and feather fan; Mrs. George Thomson wore a gown of black lace; Mrs. Walker wore white and green tulle with pearl ornaments; Miss Ethel Hamilton was considered a most charming debutante, and Miss E. Watson was gowned in white silk and spotted net, and was much admired; Miss Briggs wore pink silk; Miss A. Hendrie's gown was of pale green brocade with shaded poppies to match; Miss M. Hamilton wore pink gauze; Miss Walker in a handsome gown of yellow faille; Miss Dewar, black and pale blue; Miss M. Watson, brown tulle and silk bodice; Miss M. Dunlop, white satin with white flowers; Miss Rogers of Deans, pale pink silk; Miss Lottridge, pale blue crepe de chine with forget-me-nots; Miss Trenaline of Buffalo wore pale rose and white satin; Miss M. Haroly, white gauze; Miss MacInnes, pale pink; Miss Glassco wore her pretty coming-out gown; Miss Stiff, old rose gauze; Miss Leggatt, white brocade and crepe; Miss Ricketts, pale green; Miss G. Martin, pale blue; Miss Robinson, pale yellow; Miss Ambrose looked well in white silk with pearls in her hair; Miss Ridley wore a graceful pink silk gown. There was a good representation of the male sex and therefore plenty of partners; Messrs. Pottinger, Gates, Kerr, Fraser, MacInnes, Carr, Billet, Hamilton, Walker, Gartshore, Armour, Harvey, Gansby, Dewar, Martin, Watson, Briggs, Dewar, Nesbitt, Ferguson, Judge Finkle, Messrs. McGiverin, Garrett, Southam, Murray, Saunders, Bruce, Dr. Osborne and many others.

Mrs. R. T. Steele welcomed a great many of her friends to afternoon tea on Friday.

Messrs. Don Armour, Hugh Hartshorn and H. MacKenzie, B.A., returned home from Berlin.

The Veteran football match on Saturday attracted a large assemblage of people and was most jolly. The game was contested in a very muddy condition by the end of the match, and the players were scarcely recognizable for mud. It really was a good match and some of the tackling was very amusing. The handsome figure of the "duke" was much admired by the ladies present. Mr. B. P. Dewar was field captain and Mr. Griffin referee. Before the game both teams were photographed.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Husband gave a charming afternoon tea, about one hundred people being present.

Mr. Clark of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. W. A. Robinson of Hannah street.

Mrs. George Glassco gave a quiet evening on Monday in honor of Mr. Clark.

Mrs. Ernest Smith of London is in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Brown.

Major Smith of London was in town over Thanksgiving Day.

Miss Maude Rutherford of Toronto, is the guest of Miss Browne of Duke street.

The Garrick Club will likely give their fancy dress ball on December 19. A costumer is being brought from New York with some beautiful costumes, I believe, and the music will very likely be from an outside town. SYLVIA.

The Zerrahn Concerts.

The subscription list to these fine concerts which take place on the 24 and 25 of this month has closed with a very satisfactory array of names. The orchestra is a fine one, Mr. Carl Zerrahn is a clever conductor, the philharmonic chorus of Mr. Torrington always gives a good account of itself, and the soloists are among the best in America, so what more can you ask for. METRONOME.

Coming Theatricals.

The Academy of Music will next week present to its patrons an attraction second to none of its character in America. The simple announcement that Annie Pixley will appear should be sufficient to fill the spacious theatre to its utmost capacity at every performance. The Deacon's Daughter will be given twice during her engagement next week—Monday and Wednesday evenings. On Tuesday night and Wednesday matinee, Miss Pixley's new and successful play Kate, will be given. The latter is a simple story of the late war. It will be elaborately put on at the Academy as the company, it is said, carry absolutely every bit of scenery used in the production.

Miss Paton's dresses are fashioned after the designs of Le Luxe, the medalist costumer of Paris. Ball gowns artistically made and perfectly finished. All styles of figures studied for proper effects. Rooms at R. Walker & Sons.

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Have just received a full assortment of AMERICAN VELVETS. Obtained a assortment of EVENING FANS in Ostrich Feathers and Gauze, just received.
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The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.
TRY THEM

Boudoir Gossip.

In the city I find the noises of a locality a most amusing study. The growing accustomed to them is interesting. Our brains are very wary, and though at first polite enough to answer the car's knock, enquire what the noise is, and satisfy itself as to whom it concerns, yet there comes a day when the ear cries to it: "milkman's ringing," and receives the crusty answer: "let him ring," or perhaps, no reply at all.

On one street in which I lived for a time, the rumble of the street railway bothered me at night and wakened me, on the alarm clock system, at dawn. Soon, however, just like the clock's voice, the jingle and tinkle, the clatter and roll went by unheeded.

In another street the ring of iron-shod feet on an asphalt pavement was something that wore upon one's nerves during the accustoming process. There two fishmen lent me kindly aid. If upon entering day from dreamland I heard one cry, "Fr-r-e-sh sa-almon! All alive!" etc., I knew it was about seven-forty, and I came on out of the realm of closed eyes and snores. If it was the fishman, who said: "Nice white fish! Fr-r e-sh fish!" it was only seven-fifteen, and I waited for number two. If, being in extra hard luck, I heard neither of these voices, I was compelled to consult a timepiece and then—bother take it—I was awake.

Still another awakener is the bell of the fire hall. For a few nights I heard the midnight stroke, the one, two and three of the waning night, and the four, five and six of the cold dawn. Now things are very different.

These are all anti-sleeping noises. There are others which induce quite an amount of amusing speculation. For instance: When the tenant of the room above me plumps two feet on the floor with considerable energy, I wonder, as I glance up in apprehension, just how much she weighs, and console myself by remembering that the house is well built. The tenant one room back has what my friend the humorist would call a "reprehensible" habit of throwing his footgear aside, and as the shoes fall upon the bare floor of the clothes-press which leans upon mine, I speculate as to the number he wears, and—decide upon the highest one, whatever it is.

•

Most of us treasure photographs, the pictured faces of our friends. Some are gone out of our lives. For some life's lamp has itself gone out. Yet we love them—the photographed faces of those we have known. Some of the poses are good. Nearly all could be improved. Women are called vain. It is as hard to prove as to believe, and yet we all like to "look nice."

Did it ever happen that some disappointing photographs came home in their neat wrapper? They were convex and glossy. They flung out a heavy odor after the manner of new photographs and they were not "good." The hair was too stiff or too frowzy and your face looked like a rock, with as much expression in the eyes as in one medium-sized tin carpet-tack. Oh, yes, let us own up! "We've all been there before," as the parrot said, and for my part I burned ten of that kind with a good deal of satisfaction, and they blazed beautifully.

Some one has discovered why most people do not "take" well. I have duly considered the important matter with its disclosures and find that it is because we do not pose in the best way, not understanding thoroughly the good and bad points of our faces.

Mary Anderson was wise when she drooped her head. That drooping revealed the graceful contour of her slender throat, and the splendid outlines of her head. Her beauty lay in them and in her eyes, which invariably look up. The thin lips are not commented upon; neither is the somewhat weak chin. Ada Rehan's chin is beautiful in its firmness and fulness, and you will observe that she sat for her best photographs with her chin tilted. Mrs. Langtry's face is so perfect in feature that the straight profile is beautiful.

As to gowning, dark colors bring out the face better than light; though yellow, which comes out a soft brown black, is a good one in which to robe oneself for the camera's inspection.

To have a "pretty" photograph, then, it is necessary to put the best side of your face forward, manage your eyes with wisdom, your chin with discretion, your hair with all due artistic care, and then to think good and welcome thoughts, in order to gain that much-striven-for expression which the old-time photographer meant when he said, "Look pleasant."

•

Grosgrain ribbon, plain, lustreless and elegantly handsome, is preferred by many to that with the satin-striped edge.

Violets, orchids and pansies are worn in flower-pins and brooches by ladies in light mourning, while black pearls with invisible settings find favor when deep black is worn.

Wide velvet or ribbon is made up into rosettes; narrow, into tightly tied bows, for the long loose flat bow has fallen from high favor.

The piano was played until too many performed upon it. The violin was twanged to death. The guitar and the banjo have been enjoyed and endured, and now Dame Fashion beams upon the flute. This is true, and—it is English.

Some Fashion authority asserts that the hair is fashionably worn either very high or very low, and for young ladies it is frizzed at the sides and back and wound into a wavy coil.

"Bonnet teas" are ones to which each tea-sipper wears a new bonnet or hat of most recent date and Frenchy origin.

•

Dear Marguerite: Your photograph reached me this morning, and I admire it very much. The surroundings are truly beautiful, and the camping gown fits in with them. I have another photograph from Big Bay Point, where a very dear uncle has a business eye upon his rod and line, and the anxious expression has given rise to many a laugh at his expense. Thank you, my friend, for the portrait and also for the bit of sea weed. You are almost to be envied in having so many brothers. What would you think if you were the "only one"? I cannot agree with your spinsterhood theory. Your supposition that I was Scotch is far from right. I am a real Canadian. Will you please let me know what particular paragraph inclined you to that belief? Perhaps Jacob will resent being called a woman, but, as you say, how could we credit a man with quite so much tenderness? Ah! my friend, I spoke the truth. The teapot and pussies are really there. The "Darby" is not there.

•

Little Maiden in Brown: Your kind letter is before me. You ask me about the "polite lie," and say "do you think it is wrong to appear really glad to see people when you are not, or to praise something belonging to them even if it is not to your taste, when by so doing you can make them more comfortable?"

That is just where we are prone to slip. Many can honor the right, if they have only themselves to think of, and shrink from hurting others.

Too often, perhaps, we thrust forth unpalatable truths, when silence is far kinder, but when one is cornered, it is surely right, braver and best to tell the exact truth.

People cannot respect opinions which vary as do circumstances, and if an opinion is requested the enquirer should be prepared to hear a disagreeable one. Do you not think so?

•

We all admire a self-made man. That brave, fearless individual who has known poverty, hunger—it may be—and obscurity; and who has won his way by perseverance and energy to a position from which he looks back and down to his former life, and counts his money or weighs his fame with contented pride. We honor him if he gained it justly, and we call him a "self-made" man.

Respect is due him when we think of the jagged corners which fortune left upon his life, and how he hewed them off, and rounded and polished its surface by diligent, unswerving application. Sometimes, though, the glossy surface of the self-made man's life throws back his own image, and he can never speak of his success but he gazes dreamily and not always silently into his own reflected face.

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Sweet Girl—Pa, the house next door was robbed last night.

Pa—Merry! Next door?

Sweet Girl—Yes, and the burglars have been in two or three houses on this block within a week.

Pa—I know it. I know it. It's terrible! But what can we do?

Sweet Girl—I was thinking it might be a good plan for Mr. Nicefellow and me to sit up a few nights and watch for them.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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One Table full of Special Bargains at $5 00, sold formerly for $10.00, $12.00 $15 00 and $20.00.
Beaver Ulsters at $5.95, in Brown and Black.
Tweed Ulsters at $4.75, $6.00, $6.50 and up, half price.

DRESS GOODS

Combination Suits at $2.50, $3 00, $3 50, $4.00 and $4.50 in Plaids and Stripes.
Henriettas, 46 inch, all wool, leading shades, at 40c.

Children's Dressmaking, 4 to 12 years, a specialty, Prices Moderate

FURS

Just opened three cases Black Hare Muffs at $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50, biggest drive in the trade.

REMEMBER OUR GREAT SALE OF GLOVES AND HOSIERY

SECOND HALF OF A TWO-PART STORY.

WHITE LILIES.

Just as we are starting, Phœbe rushes out of the house and taps at the window which we have just pulled up.

"Please, Miss Katie," she calls, "there's somethin' I have to say to you."

But I know what Phœbe is, and am far too impatient to listen.

"Oh, bother—never mind now, Phœbe! We are late as it is!"—and in another minute we are rattling away towards Wilby Hall, devoutly hoping with each bump of the crazy vehicle that Tom may not descend upon our heads.

The rooms are crowded as we enter them. For a few minutes I cannot see the tall figure of my soldier-lover anywhere. Oh, where can he be? Why does he not come? Then Laura suddenly whispers in my ear:

"I thought there was a magnetism in lovers' glances, Katie! Captain Lorrimer has been staring at you for quite five minutes."

I raise my eyes, and, looking across the crowded ball-room, they meet those of Fred Lorrimer. Then all the blood seems to rush back to my heart, for there is no answering look of love or joy on his stern face. His eyes are fixed upon me for one moment with an expression of astonishment and pain, and then, transfixed with di-may, wonder, and horror, I watch him vastly make his way through the crowd and out of the room. He never looks back—never hesitates; and he returns no more.

The band is playing a mournful waltz—"Good-bye." A hundred wild voices seem to be wailing around me the terrible words:

"Good-bye for ever!
Good-bye, sweetest love!"

I go home a broken-hearted girl. Fred's last present to me, the lovely snow-white nosegay, lives and blooms and seems to mock my dead hope for eight long terrible days; then it droops and dies. I take it with strangely fearless eyes, and opening a drawer in a quaint old cabinet which stands in our bedroom, I put the faded flowers into a pocket handkerchief which Fred dropped once in our house and which I have kept. This little bundle I place unreverently in the drawer; then, with one last long look, such as I believe the living cast into the coffin which contains all they hold most dear, I shut and lock this grave of my dead hopes and joys.

After that darkness comes upon me. I can remember no more.

Thirteen long years pass, and during all that time the withered lilies remain undisturbed in their hiding-place.

What a glorious July day it is! This old world seems just as beautiful, just as young, as it did thirteen years since. I am sitting in the garden of my dear old home at Stoke Quiverley, no longer madcap Katie Tempest. These thirteen years have transformed me into a wife, a mother, and a widow.

My broken heart never healed, not even with the tender love and care of the good noble man to whom I gave the best thing of my life when four sad summers and winters brought me still no news of my lover. I did not marry Archibald Greatorex because I ceased to love that man, but because my life became so dreary and lonely, my aching heart pining for tenderness, and because I knew it lay in my power to make perfectly happy one of the best men that ever walked this earth. He knew he could never own my heart, for I told him all my story; but still he was willing to take me to his hearth and home, and thought it a rich reward to be able to call me wife, and to behold me, as time went on, the mother of his children.

Before this my sisters had all married well. Laura heading the list as Lady Fletcher, and my brothers were both launched upon the world.

Five years rolled away quietly, and then I lost my husband—an accident in the hunting-field took him from me when my twin-boys had barely learned to lisp the words "Father" and "Mother."

I had never loved my husband, but I lamented him bitterly, as the kindest friend I had ever had. My life would then indeed have been desolate but for my children; they saved me, I think, from despair. Upon them I lavished the pent-up feelings of years, and on their baby faces I showered kisses and breathed prayers which relieved my heart of much of the grief that once threatened to overwhelm me.

Very soon after my widowhood my father died, bequeathing to me the dear old house in which we were all born and brought up, and which, for other reasons to, I loved as I loved no other spot on earth. I decided I would make it my home for the rest of my life, and wrote asking dear lonely aunt Yuly if she would live with me.

So, after many years, Brankscme House resounded once more with the ring of merry children's voices, tiny feet again pattered over the old oak floors, and aunt Yuly became "auntie" again to two troublesome little mortals who, she was in the habit of declaring, with much pride, were "Tempests all over!"

And thus more years passed away peacefully. Something like content settled upon my soul, and I told myself I was forgetting at last.

"Yes, Laura, I am thirty today."

"Why that sob in your voice, Katie? Come, cheer up, dearest—I believe I am going to see my pretty sister happy at last! Come into the arbor and listen to the news I have to tell you."

Laura leads the way, stately and still beautiful woman, and when we are under the canopy of green leaves, she takes my hand in hers, and, after glancing round to see that no one is near, whispers four words in my ear that cause me to start and turn pale.

I repeat them after her stupidly—

"Fred Lorrimer is here?"

"Yes, Katie; he has just returned from India—Colonel Lorrimer now. Philip met him in town yesterday, and brought him down to Rockwood Court there and then, to stay with us. They appeared at eleven o'clock, just as I was off to bed; and it gave me a shock, I can tell you, when a great tall brown stranger came into the arbor and listen to the news I have to tell you.

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"Oh, how like him!" I cry, smiling through my tears. "Is he altered, Laura?"

"Very little—older and browner of course, but just as handsome, and as amusing as ever."

My next question is put with a very great effort.

"Has he spoken of me?"

"Not a word. Philip says that he studiously avoided all mention of your name. But, think-ing all over afterwards, he knew Mrs. Greatorex at my head; and here it is—to bring him to see you, making him believe that you were Jenny, and put you into Jenny's shoes, and let him think you were in India. He would never guess. You and Jen were always alike, and he would easily understand that all those years had turned her hair from fair to brown. What do you say to it, Katie? You could see him then without any embarrassment. I cautioned Philip not to let the cat out of the bag while I was away. It would be great fun if you'd do it."

"Yes, fun to you, but misery to me! No, no—I could not! He treated me cruelly years ago—left me to break my heart without a word of explanation! No, I could not see him!"

"Well, I can't understand why you should not," returns my sister. "It is a pity. However, if you won't, you won't!"—and we change the subject.

Laura spends an hour with me, during which time she does most of the talking; and I do not think I could record a single word of our conversation, for only one thought occupies my mind—Fred, the lover of my girlhood, has come back!

At the thought of him—of his dear face as it used to be—of our few happy hours of love together—I feel my resolutions fast ebbing away. Oh, Heaven, my heart has begun to ache again with the old, old pain! Nothing but the sight of him, if only for a few moments, will cure that pain now.

Laura asks me some commonplace question. I try to reply to it, but my voice breaks. She throws her arm round me, and I burst into tears.

"My poor little darling," says my sister, "I wish I had never told you!"

"Laura, I must see him! You may bring him this afternoon; but mind—do not tell him who I am! That is the condition;" and I hurry back to Rockwood Court to fetch Fred Lorrimer.

He always liked to see me in white, so I will wear that color. And yet, what does it matter after all? I am only Jenny this afternoon; his once-loved Katie is far away in India. Ah, let me try to remember that!

Two hot tears fall upon my hands as I fasten my waist-belt. I am dressed now, "gowned in pure white;" and I seat myself at my open window, and a gentle little breeze comes in and kisses my burning cheeks and plays among the tendrils of hair about my temples.

I determined to compose myself before I go downstairs, I take up a piece of needlework—a tiny garment for one of my boys—and stick steadily to it for a space of an hour; and, whilst I do this, I try hard to think of everything and anything but the man who is even now probably on the road to meet me. But it is of no use; his face comes between me and my work—his voice is as fresh in my ears as if the past thirteen years were but as yesterday. Oh, how shall I feel when he takes my hand and looks into my eyes, and what will he think of me!

The thought makes me involuntarily raise my eyes to my dressing-table mirror, and I see there, with an irrepressible thrill of pleasure, a beautiful young woman with braids of nut-brown hair and violet-blue eyes, heavily shaded blue. There is not much left of the laughing roguish Katie Tempest in that thoughtful, almost sad face; and the young widow in whose hands Fred Lorrimer clasped in his arms is now developed into a womanly figure.

Hark! I hear wheels! Flinging my work aside, I hurry down the stairs into the cool and darkened drawing-room, the mellow half-light of which will, I hope, fail to reveal my confusion and agitation. But the wheels pass the house, and I breathe freely again. Seeking occupation for my thoughts, I take up a song lying upon one of the heaps of music by the piano, and, opening it, I sit down and play the sad sweet air. Soon I am singing. I hear nothing beyond the words—I see nothing. I fancy I am listening to someone else's voice.

"When we two parted in silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted to sever for years,
Pale, pale grew your cheek—cold, colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold sorrow to this!

"In silence we met, and in sorrow I grieve
That thy heart could forget, thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee after long years,
How should I greet thee? In silence and tears!"

I raise my tear-dimmed eyes, and at the far end of the darkened room stands my early lover, looking at me and listening to my song.

"Oh, here she is!" exclaims Laura, coming in cheerily. "Jenny, you remember Colonel Lorrimer, don't you? Colonel Lorrimer—Mrs. Greatorex."

Good heavens, is it possible that thirteen years have passed? There stands the same Fred Lorrimer who c'asped me in his arms and told me of his love. He was twenty-two then—he is thirty-five now; but there is so little real change in him that time seems to have rolled back. I stare speechlessly at him. I tell myself that I am waking from a long and troubled dream—that my little Katie Tempest again; Fred is here, standing in our old drawing-room; papa will be coming in in another minute; and how the boys will tease me when they find me with Captain Lorrimer! I have had such a long sleep in the arm-chair! Suddenly I recover my senses. How long, I wonder, have I stood staring in this monomaniac fashion at my visitor? I try to smile, though I can scarcely repress my sobs, and, urged on by a warning glance from Laura, I shake hands politely, and tell Colonel Lorrimer I am glad to see him.

He replies, fixing his fine bold eyes admiringly upon my face, that I cannot be more glad than he is.

"In all my wanderings, Mrs.—or—Mrs. Greatorex, do you know that I have always thought of this little corner of England as 'home'? That was strange, wasn't it, when I haven't a soul in the place belonging to me?"

"Perhaps," I falter, "you were happy here."

"Yes, Mrs. Greatorex," he replies—"I was! I was never happier anywhere than in dear old Stoke Quiverley. Yes, I had rare good times here!"—and he laughs heartily at some jovial recollection.

My hand seems to have grasped my heart. This is not the voice or manner of a man whose love is still so tender and sacred that he cannot endure, without pain, to dwell upon the past. If ever a man was heart-whole and fancy-free, it is Fred Lorrimer, as he sits down beside me—Laura has disappeared—and commences telling me of all he has seen and done since we last met.

I steal occasional glances at him as he talks. What a fine handsome man he is—handsomer, now, I think, than when I last saw him! Oh, my loved one, you do not know that the love of your youth is sitting beside you! And, if you knew it, it would not even make your heart beat faster! Oh, why did you ever come back!

At last the question comes which I have longed, yet dreaded, to hear.

"And how is your sister Kate? Married and gone to India, Lady Fletcher tells me."

I murmur an affirmative, blushing painfully under his gaze.

"I should like to see her again," he says; "we were a lovely little girl, Jenny, and a lovely little girl, Kate, I thought." Is she still as good-looking, the little minx?"

I manage to reply that I do not know; I have not seen her for so long.

"You remind me very much of her—at least, of what I always thought she'd grow to be. But then you two were always like—Ah, Miss Kate,—he continues slowly, gazing absently at the wall in front of him, while a faint smile plays about his mouth, "you were a heartless young woman, you were—you never res'ed till I made a fool of myself about you, and then you threw me over without a pang! I suppose you know, Mrs. Greatorex, that she's eyes once more upon my face—" that but for her obstinacy your sister would have become my wife that time I was down here?"

"But for her obstinacy?" I repeat stupidly, my heart beating so fast that I feel I shall be suffocated.

"Yes—but for her own fiery little temper and dogged obstinacy. She gave me up rather than own herself in the wrong."

"I—I—I always understood," I stammer—"of course it was no business of mine—but I remember Kate telling me that she went to the Wilby ball that night intending to tell you she was sorry for all she had said, but that you never came near her or gave her the opportunity; and that she never saw you again."

I cannot help it—the tears are dropping into my lap as I speak; but the room is dark and he does not appear to notice them.

"If that was so," he replies quietly, "why did she not do as I asked her in my note—why did she not carry the flowers I had sent her, as sign to me that she was sorry and wished me to come to her? It was very simple. Why a fool's letter I wrote her, too—begging her to give me the sign—telling her how I loved her—and I did love her then! But no—she would not give in! However, all's well that ends well—eh, Mrs. Greatorex? And, do you know, I think I had a lucky escape? She was pretty enough to make one mad about her; but fancy having a wife who sulked like—"

"Don't!" I moan, laying my hot hand upon his sleeve. "Tell me only, what note are you speaking of? She never informed me that you had written her any note. She—she never got it!"

"Oh, yes, she did!" he replies, laughing. "Come, come—don't you go upsetting yourself about these wretched by-gones! Let's talk of something else."

"You forgot," I say hoarsely, "I loved Katie; and she nearly died after that affair, and suffered a great deal, and—and to this day is not happy. She has never forgotten you; nor would she speak of you as you have spoken of her."

My voice breaks; for one dreadful moment I am on the verge of weeping wildly. But he must never know, never guess who I really am; and, after to-day, even if I have to leave my beloved home for ever, I will never see his face again. Despair calms me, and I contrive to say to him quietly:

"If you don't mind telling me, Colonel Lorrimer, I should like to know the facts of this story. To what note do you refer?"

"What note?" he exclaims rather excitedly. "Why, the note I tied amongst the flowers—tied there because—ha, ha!—I feared Colonel Tempest might spot it if it were about the house, and never give it to her."

"Then how did you suppose Kate was to guess it was there?"

"Oh, didn't I explain? I told the servant who answered the door, and to whom I gave the bouquet, to be sure and tell Miss Tempest that there was a letter among the flowers. I remember that particularly, because at the same time I slipped into her hand a powerful aid to her memory in the shape of a half-crown piece."

There flashes across my memory a scene from out the past till now totally forgotten—an impatient young girl looking through a carriage window—a servant coming hastily and breathlessly. "Please, Miss Katie, there's something I have to say to you!" "Never mind now, Phœbe! We are late as it is!"

"Colonel Lorrimer," I almost whisper, rising to my feet and laying a trembling hand on his shoulder, "I see it all now! There was a dreadful mistake—that message was never given! To this day poor Kate has never seen that note!"

"Where are you going?" he asks, rising to his feet as I walk towards the door; and, as I turn to him, I see that his face has altered terribly.

"Come with me," I reply. "I want to prove to you that my words are true. The bunch of lilies still lies in the drawer of the old cabinet where I saw Kate put it thirteen years since, after you had left Stoke Quiverley. She would never open that drawer again, nor let any one else do so, if that note was among the flowers, it will be there now."

He follows me in silence up to the room—now my children's day nursery—which was the scene of so many girlish joys and sorrows when I and my sisters made it our bed-room in the happy by-gone days.

In a corner stands an old oak cabinet black with age. The children keep their toys on some of the shelves; but there is one drawer which they often asked me why I keep locked and what it contains. This drawer I now open with a little key I have always kept hung round my neck.

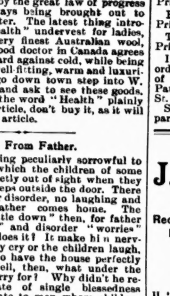
As I slowly pull it out, a small package enveloped in a handkerchief yellow with time, is disclosed to view. I take it out gently and reverently, and with eyes blinded by tears unfasten the knots. A heap of brown dust lies before us—all that is left of my lilies—and amid the dust is a little note folded into some fantastical shape which thirteen years ago was addressed to "Kate Mavourneen," and which I have never seen until this moment.

I forget the part I am playing; I forget the man standing beside me; I forget everything but my wasted life, my countless tears, the long years of sorrow, as I fold up the faded letter and press it passionately to my lips.

"Kate," whispers a voice in my ear, "did you think you could deceive me? Did you think I did not recognize in one moment the dear face I have hungered for all these dark years? My sweetheart, all pain and grief are over now! Don't cry so, mavourneen—my wife, my only love!" And so he takes me in his arms and clasps me to his breast.

"We must make up for lost time, Kate," he says, trembling and smiling—"each time you must be kissed away now by your own lover's lips!"

The Next Best Thing.



Customer—Have you any scouring sand?
Grocer—No, we're entirely out of it.
Customer—Well, give me a half pound of your sugar; my tins have to be scoured to-day, no matter what it costs.—*Life.*

Clever Woman

quite realize that by the great law of progress something is always being brought out to make life pleasanter. The latest thing introduced is the "Health" underwear for ladies, made from the very finest Australian wool, and which every good doctor in Canada agrees is a perfect safeguard against cold, while being at the same time well-fitting, warm and luxurious. When you go down town step into W. A. Murray & Co.'s and ask to see these goods. If you do not see the word "Health" plainly stamped on the article, don't buy it, as it will not be the genuine article.

Hiding From Father.

There is something peculiarly sorrowful to me in the way in which the children of some households slip quietly out of sight when they hear father's footsteps outside the door. There must be no noise or disorder, no laughing and shouting when father comes home. The children must "settle down" then, for father "can't bear noise" and disorder "worries" him. Oh, if does, does it? I think it is nervous to hear the baby cry or the children laugh, does it? He likes to have the house perfectly still, does he? Well, then, what under the sun did he ever marry for? Why didn't he remain in that state of single blessedness peculiarly appropriate to men whom children "worry?" There are so many nice, quiet, delightful boarding houses in which the laugh of a child is never heard because children are "not allowed" there.

Men whom children worry ought to forever remain within the walls of these delightful abodes. It would be better for them, and infinitely better for the children that come to them when they marry and establish homes of their own.

I know a great, tall, robust husband and father whose children have to "quiet down" the moment he comes home because their noise makes him "nervous." Poor man! I could feel a little sorry for him perhaps, if I had not often seen him in the Board of Trade building enduring its Bedlam-like racket with perfect self-composure. He is a stock broker and the noisest, boisterous fellow one can shake hands with, but the moment he gets within the doors of his own home he becomes so nervous that the laughter and childish prattle of his own children is more than he can bear. Sad, isn't it?

It is sad for the children. It cheats them out of so much of the joy of childhood that other children know—the romps with father, the rummaging of his pockets to see if he has brought them anything, the climbing into his lap to hug and kiss him, the going to Boston town on his foot, the trot, trot to Banbury Cross," and the feeling dear and sweet to childhood that father loves them and that they can come to him with all their little cares and sorrows. It is sorrowful to see natural, childish affection smothered and rejected and at last killed by a father whose footsteps is a signal for his children to hide from the face that ought to be the dearest one in the world to them.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Alibi.

Sunday School Superintendent—Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer? [No reply.]

Superintendent (somewhat sternly)—Can no one tell? Intelligent boy on the seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?

Little Boy (sadly frightened)—It wasn't me. I—I just moved yere last week f'm Mizzoury.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Woman's Wit.

Wife—For mercy sake, if you must smoke, smoke cigars, and not that horrid pipe.

Husband—I smoke a pipe for the sake of economy.

"Do you smoke a pipe in your office?"

"No, I smoke cigars there."

"Well, you smoke your pipe there, and tell the firm it's for the sake of economy. They'll soon raise your salary."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Successful Business Women.

"Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer," says a New York weekly, "has fairly won the position she now enjoys as a successful business woman, and her present sumptuous quarters which include the entire brown stone mansion, 305 Fifth Avenue, and a factory and laboratory on West 31st St., are thoroughly worthy of the industry, tact and ability of a woman who has battled successfully and faithfully for the building up of a business which is known the world over. Mrs. Ayer is familiar to everybody and her success is the natural result of a deserving ambition. She has much money, and thousands of the deserving poor of New York and elsewhere can testify to her generous and unostentatious charity. One characteristic makes her success a most commendable one of all. She is always sincere, and her business history is one of perfect fairness. The preparations which she has placed on the market have been analyzed by eminent chemists and are not only pure, but they are positively beneficial. It has been long admitted by medical science that the skin can be beautified by treatment, and the trouble has always been, what shall be used? The skin should be pure and clear. If it is otherwise the beauty is thus the unlucky condition of it. Madam Recamier astonished Europe by maintaining her beauty until extreme age; every one wondered how it was accomplished. Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, who alone possesses the secret of the formulas used by the beautiful Recamier, having purchased them years ago from a descendant of that lady, personally directs their preparation, daily, in her own laboratory. The high testimony of men and women of the nobility of Europe, whose reputations are beyond question, could not have been secured for any use that was not in harmony with honesty and integrity. Such testimony of appreciation and gratitude has been extended to Mrs. Ayer voluntarily. Look at the list of leaders of art, literature, law and commerce, who frankly acknowledge that the Recamier Preparations are, beyond question, the best of their kind ever manufactured. The complete success and prosperity of the business is the strongest argument in favor of the Recamier Preparations. Such things cannot last long unless they are what they are advertised to be, and the reward of success is given only to the work of merit."

The articles referred to in the above extract are known as.

Recamier Cream, for tan, sunburn, pimples, &c. Price $1.50.

Recamier Balm, a beautifier pure and simple. Price $1.50.

Recamier Almond Lotion, for freckles, moth and discolorations. Price $1.50.

Recamier Powder, for toilet, nursery. Will stay on and does not make face shine. Price—Large boxes $1, small boxes 50c.

Recamier Soap—The best in the world. Price—Scented, 50c. Unscented, 25c.

They are now for sale in Canada at New York Prices.

If your Druggist or Dealer can not supply you order direct from Hiver of the Canada offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Co., 1224 St. Paul St., Montreal, P.Q., and 50 Wellington St. East, Toronto.

Send to Canada office for circulars with full particulars, copies of endorsements, etc.

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O.N.F. national boon, because they cure dyspepsia and supply the wastes of the body.
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O.N.F. Baravena Milk Food for infants and young children is the best food next to mother's milk in the world.
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O.N.F. exhibition where they have been shown for six years past.
O.N.F. These are the foods for all people. They are healthy and delicious.
O.N.F. If your grocer or druggist does not keep them ask for them and they will get them for you.

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Bringing Father's Dinner.

It was in the C., H. and D. depot in Cincinnati one day, when one of the men employed to oil the cars as they came in, accidentally fell under the wheels of a moving coach and had his right leg and hip crushed in a horrible manner. He was picked up and laid on some coats spread on the platform, and a doctor was soon on hand. He must have suffered intensely, but after the doctor had examined him he coolly and calmly asked:

"Doctor, how bad is it?"

"Very bad, indeed."

"Will I live?"

"Not more than ten minutes; you are bleeding to death."

"What time is it Jim?" asked the man of a fellow employee.

"Eleven fifty-five," was the answer.

"The children will bring my dinner at sharp 12. Some of you go and stop them. They mustn't see me die. Poor, motherless children—orphans now!"

I went to the door, with others, and we were just in time to stop a boy of 8 and a girl of six from coming in. Each had hold of the handle of the basket containing father's dinner, and they were smiling in anticipation of the greeting they would receive. We sent them away with a false story about his having gone home, and the eyes of both were filled with tears of disappointment. The echo of their footsteps could still be heard on the pavement when the father breathed his last.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Much.

"What's in a name?" asked Biggs, the other day, in the course of conversation.

"I guess your wife can tell you," said Boggs.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, everything you've got is in her name, isn't it?"

He Forgot Something.

Gradgrind (to his employees)—Nobody but me is to touch that clock. Nobody is to begin or leave off work except as it indicates the time.

Foreman—Yes, sir.

Gradgrind (the next day)—Why, the day is one-fourth gone and nobody's at work. What does this mean?

Foreman (weakly)—You forgot to wind the clock, sir.—*Exchange.*

Nothing Else to Shave.

Youthful Customer—Do you shave up or down?

Barber—Well, in your case, sir, I'll have to shave down.

A Drummer's Requisite.

Druggist (looking through drummer's sample case)—Well, I always thought you worked the romance racket pretty thoroughly, but I didn't know you had to carry a box of concentrated lies to keep up the supply of yarns.—*Pharmaceutical Era.*

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"Good morning! What delicious tea! From Hereward Spencer & Co., I suppose?"
"Certainly."

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Nora's Lovers.

"People who talk so much about their talents being wasted seldom have any to waste," says Nora, her rosy lip curling disdainfully.

It is June; the hedges are gay with pink roses and sweet with the perfume of cream-colored honeysuckle. Slowly the girl walks through the mingling clover, tall buttercups, and long grass, dropping sarcasms over her shoulder to her companion, who is comparing by the narrowness of the path to follow behind her. His long pale face is framed in fair hair, which falls over his shoulders from under a large hat that wants only ostrich plumes to be a veritable Gainsborough. He has large dreamy eyes, and his face is as smooth as the white hands which hold an open beautifully-bound volume with æsthetic liberality of margin.

Nora's tart remark is followed by a silence which continues until the poet carefully clears his throat and rustles a leaf; then she hails.

"I do hope," she says emphatically, "that you are not going to read any more of that!"

"May more of that?" he questioned, with ominous calm. "That what?"

Nora shrugs her shoulders and pulls a buttercup.

"We have had our last quarrel," she declares, holding the yellow petals against her hand.

"I hope so, I am sure," replies he; "mine is a nature that needs repose and calm."

"It is a nature wholly unsuited to mine—of that I am sure! We are entirely unsuited for each other. I like a man to be manly, and I could not be content with the prospect of having to spend my life in watching you write Swinburne-and-water verses and hearing you read them!"

"But," says the poet, raising his brows, "I cannot live without you!"

"Well, I couldn't live with you; so there we are, Mr. Scrope."

"Your aunt wishes it," he urges, in the same low, even tone.

"She is not the person most concerned. No; as I have already told you, if I ever marry at all, you are not the man, or like the man. Why can't you leave me alone! Why do you go on persecuting me!"

The poet folds his arms and looks at the lovely indignant little face.

"Do not be rash; you will find few men as generous as I."

Nora, with laughter in her eyes, turns to look at him; but the peculiarly of his expression checks her mockery. This time he has not spoken in overweening vanity, but with mysterious meaning. Under her steady gaze of surprise a faint tinge of color spreads over his face.

"I should like to know exactly what you mean," she says very quietly, but with a danger signal in each blue eye; "will you be good enough to explain yourself?"

Scrope does not reply; he seems extremely uncomfortable, and forces a feeble smile. Nora, uncomprehending, angry, faces him still.

"I am neither old nor ugly," she says; "my parents were poor, but honest and well-born; I am not penniless, thanks to my godmother. Pray where does your generosity come in?"

Mr. Scrope gazes blankly into the distance and murmurs that he did not mean anything.

"So like you!" says Nora, with a toss of the head; and without another word she resumes her walk through the field to the low green gate of a lawn by the side of a delightful old house with many windows overlooking a sweet confusion of fragrant flowers and shrubs.

At a window facing the green gate stands a benign matron, supported on either side by a comely, healthy son.

"They come in one after the other," says Tom, the elder boy, as little Nora and the poet approach. "Shall I never cease to wish that that man would cut his hair?"

"He may do as he pleases," says Fred, "if he will leave off dangling after Nora."

"What is your objection to him?" the mother politely asks.

"Oh, I want Nora to marry a man, not a feeble imitation of one—though indeed I don't want her to marry at all!"

Nora has only the very faintest recollection of her dead parents. She has lived with her aunt so long that she does not remember any other home; and ever since she came she has been the pet and playmate of the boys—for they have no sisters, and Nora has always been a very bewitching little maid.

"Auntie" has resided in this quiet little village during the last few years—she finds it suits both her health and her finances better than town; and a few months ago Mr. Horace Scrope, poet—introduced by the rector, a warm friend of the family—falling in love with Nora, sought and obtained from her only guardian permission to woo and win. He had quite misinterpreted Nora's natural kindness and the patience with which she had listened to his metrical "unities of the utter and the intense," and attributes her refusal of him to maiden shyness, girlish perversity—to anything indeed but the real cause.

As time crosses the lawn, Mr. Scrope sees the faces of his natural enemies, the boys, who have parodied his poems and caricatured his face and figure in an infinite variety of ways.

"I will enter the house only for a brief farewell," he says. "It may be some time before I see you again; I am going to London to-morrow."

The boys are delighted at the news of Scrope's intended departure; but pleasure gives place to regret a few moments later when they learn that he means to return.

Nora says good-bye coolly enough; certain words of Scrope's are rankling in her bosom. Tom is quick to notice her unusual quietness.

"'What is it makes you sad?
How many apples have you had?'
She answered, 'Only seven.'
'And are you sure you've had no more,
My little maid?' quoth I;
'Oh sir, my mother gave me four,
But they were in a pie!'"

he says, with a most ludicrous imitation of Horace Scrope.

"Tom," cries his mother, in a tone of rebuke; and he retreats with his brother. Then Nora and her aunt look rather shyly at each other.

"Aunty, dear, why did you want me to marry that man?"

"My dear, I thought he was fond of you; I think so still."

Nora meditates, then, repeating the poet's "generous" speech, asks her aunt for an interpretation.

"My dear Nora, what generosity could there be in marrying you?" asks Mrs. Stamer. "Don't think about the ungallant speech. By the way, you know Tower Court? Tower Court is the great house of the neighborhood, which has been closed since the death of the old baronet a few years ago, when it passed into the hands of a distant relative. "The owner is coming home," Mrs. Stamer continues, "at last he means to take possession. It was only to-day that I learned that the new baronet was John Charteris."

"Yes?" answers Nora, seeming very little interested.

"Why, Nora, surely you remember Jack?"

Nora's eyes suddenly light up; she does indeed remember the strong, merry boy whose romping used to disturb the quiet of auntie's town house, who brought foreign stamps for Tom and Fred, mended her dolls and auntie's work-box, and taught them all how to make toffee. Could she ever forget the boy for whom she cried so bitterly when he had to go away from England in search of a livelihood, his parents being very poor in those days?

"This is a turn of Fortune's wheel," says Nora.

A week later a tennis net is stretched across the lawn, and Tom is disporting himself in a comical fashion in opposition to Fred and Nora, when suddenly the rackets are thrown aside and the boys rush down the path to the green gate, on which is leaning a young man whom they have been expecting ever since they heard of his arrival at Tower Court. It is Jack Charteris, looking bigger and stronger than ever, with the honest gray eyes and square brow and merry expression so well remembered by the Stamers.

"The rector told me where I should find my old friends," he says.

As he glances at Nora, surprise, wonder and admiration are visible in his eyes, and he utters her name in a tone expressive of all three emotions.

Mrs. Stamer rises from her garden chair and joins the group. Jack has not changed with the change of fortune, she observes; he is the same blithe, happy-hearted fellow she used to like so well.

"We expected you to come in a carriage-and-six," says Tom.

Time flies too quickly for all of them as Jack relates some of his experiences abroad, recalls many incidents which happened in his boyhood, and concludes by planning pleasant days in the future at Tower Court.

"He is a brick," the boys decide—"just what he used to be!"

. . . . . .

The sun has sunk behind the purple hills, a saffron glow is in the west, the fair moon looks down serenely on the shorn meadows. It is a beautiful tranquil September night. Along the narrow field path Nora and Jack stroll slowly housewards arm in arm.

"My darling," says Jack—and at the words a crimson rose color overspreads the girl's cheeks—"I have loved you all my life, even when we were little children together! All the time I was away working and slaving, the one hope I had was to win you, to make a home for you."

"But you never wrote to me," she murmurs.

"Was it not better to come myself, Nora? And until very recently I could not have written as I wished."

They are near the green gate now, where a tall man is waiting. Nora drops Jack's arm, and the color in her cheeks deepens.

"Mr. Scrope! How you startled me!"

"I have returned," the poet says.

Nora confusedly performs the ceremony of introduction. Then all three go into the house; and Mr. Scrope passes the evening in a dejected attitude, his pale cheek resting on his hand in a manner meant to suggest heart-break.

The next morning Jack is smoking in a quaint brown room at Tower Court, a bachelor like den with one great window looking out to the woods, which just now are lovely with autumn foliage. He is dreaming of Nora, as he has done for many a day, when a visitor in Tennysonian cloak and hat and with waving flaxen locks, is shown in.

"Oh, Mr. Scrope, how are you?" says Sir John, after a bewildered glance at the æsthetic young man.

"You are surprised to see me," observes the poet, whose face is paler than ever, his lips looking like a thin faint line.

"Well, a little. Won't you sit down? What a jolly evening we had!"

"Sir John, a most painful duty has brought me here, and, before I sit down, I must tell you what I have to tell," Mr. Scrope says mysteriously.

"Duty first, by all means. Now what is the matter?"

"I understand that you are engaged to Miss Nora Prescott?"

"That is so," admits Jack, looking more interested. "What about it?"

"Are you fully aware of her antecedents?"

Jack lays down his cigar and looks steadily at his visitor. His eyes sparkle, and he frowns; but he says nothing, and the poet continues.

"Do you know that her father was charged with forgery, and, though he was acquitted on account of insufficient evidence, most people believed him guilty?"

"I know that he died protesting his innocence," replies Jack, "and I have always given him the benefit of the doubt. May I ask how you became acquainted with that wretched old story? Miss Prescott herself has never heard it, and please Heaven never will!"

"I am only an obscure individual of lowly birth and limited means," says Scrope, "but I loved and still love Nora. When I obtained Mrs. Stamer's permission to seek her niece for my wife, she—as in duty bound—told me the story."

"Why do you think she would treat me less honorably? Why should she place less confidence in me than you?" Jack asks coolly and calmly.

"I could not believe," Scrope declares, "that a man of your wealth and position, bearer of an old name and the last of your proud race, should choose for his wife one on whom the slightest shadow of disgrace rested."

There is silence for a few moments, during which the poet with arms folded, views his rival, who turns to him at last, and, without appearance of anger says,—

"I have heard you; now hear me. If you speak of this to any living soul again, I will make you wish you had been born dumb! No one can breathe a word against Nora, my beloved and honored wife that is to be, and that's all I care for; but I will not have her pained and wounded and grieved to gratify your spite. You poor pitiful creature, I have known about her father since I was a boy! The door and the window are both open, and you can choose by which to go out!"

The poet vanishes; and the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness sees Jack's fidelity rewarded, and Nora entering on a new and happy life with the best of her lovers.

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Mrs. Dilworthy—Don't you think Miss Wamley is very attentive to the new minister?

Aunt Pettigrew—Who could help it? Why, I never met such a lady-like gossiper as he is in my life.—*Judge.*

To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column" Saturday Night Office.)

Emerald, Hamilton.—The English name of the pretty little brown-centered daisy is cone-flower.

Black-eyed Girsy.—Please refer me to the former answer, name and date. I will keep this by me.

Dewin.—You are probably careless, of good executive ability and not wanting in firmness, vanity and self-will.

Pacifta.—You are melancholy in temperament, persevering, unostentatious, and are wanting in tact and mirthfulness.

W. B. M.—Your writing is remarkable only as it indicates modesty, firmness, self-will, simplicity of tastes and a "J" pen.

Grey Dawn.—Your writing is very neat, orderly, strong, with love of approbation and a happy disposition are the salient characteristics of your writing.

Grey Dawn.—Thank you most heartily for your kind guesses about me. I hope I am and shall be just what you were pleased to say. Your writing indicates mirth, ambition, fearlessness, some reserve, patience, decision.

Cadet McGinty.—The country should put a price on the heads of all your family. The McGinty name deserves to die out. Writing shows self-will, impulsive, hasty temper, perseverance, some egotism and an erratic disposition.

Sir Claire.—Your writing is that of an impulsive, wilful, somewhat jealous and vain woman. There is much tenderness in your writing but also much self-hness and pride. The questions which you ask in your letter and Lloyd's are ones which you should answer yourself.

Lady Betty—I am sorry your answer did not appear. Your letter did not reach me else it must have entered the column. Your writing shows activity of mind and body, intuitive perception, some self esteem, a fondness for others' good opinions, considerable perseverance and enterprise.

Tom Pinch.—What has the article in question to do with my characterization of your writing? What rules am I to "stick" to? Your letter puzzles me and I can only proceed to say what I think. Writing shows order, reserve, self-reliance, enterprise, tact, self-esteem, cheerful yet suspicious nature.

Dear Little Buttercup.—Yours shows much strength of character, a persistent will, some jealousy, a self-willed nature, with a good deal of eccentricity and much tenderness. The inclined indicates ambition, affectionate disposition, good executive ability, some indecision and a little vanity. 2. In all probability, yes.

Inky Scrol.—You should have been more formal in the subscription to your letter. This column is the center of dignity. Many thanks for his kindly-conveyed information of "fun" from it. Your writing indicates extreme levelheadedness, a kindly disposition, some egotism, a great deal of enterprise, persistence, energy and decision of character.

Melanor, Paterson, N. J.—Do not use any pen if you write again. It was not right at any rate. Try and be what women believe you to be—good, and don't start off on that inclined plane to despair, rumour and death. Be a man. Your writing shows a moody temperament, genuine sympathy, perseverance, good executive, and a great deal of restlessness of temperament. Your sense of honor is very strong.

Fifty.—My own opinion is that the title require is a nuisance. When a man occupies an assured position, either in the business or the social world, I can understand its use, but I cannot understand its abuse by the fashionable friends of young dudes on small salaries. A book on etiquette, however, will advise the use of the dignified addition to the names of all young gentlemen over twenty-one. You writing shows good executive ability, some suspicion, generosity, decisive will and a little vanity.

Marvel.—Your letter must have been miscarried. I do not remember your name. The writing shows affectionate disposition, patience, unselfishness, originality and indecision. 2. For the hair try a mixture of bay rum and water rubbed very thoroughly into the scalp twice a week. The bay rum acts as a stimulant to the skin and the massage with the fingers brings the blood to the surface and helps to keep it in a healthy condition. Frequent brushing with a stiff brush will, by keeping the hair irreproachably clean, aid its growth.

Zoe.—What a contradictory person you are, Zoe. You say: "Tell me my characteristics," and then add with, I imagine, a pleading twinkle eye: "make it nice." Such people as you encourage prevarication, and I can only hope you may find from that sin because I have grown so callous-hearted as to be positively "brutal" in my remarks. Your writing shows order, fondness for display, considerable warmth of heart beneath mountains of icy reserve, a practical way of looking at things, some egotism and aptness at imitating others.

Edison.—Why in the world do you ask me to send back the letter, I wonder? Are you ashamed of it? In the first place, I imagine you have been struggling to perpetrate a large joke, and I should be sorry to hinder any innocent fun. The cigar was received in good condition. I do not smoke it lies in my top drawer at the office, and I suppose some spring poet will have it presented to him, smoke it and—die. About the young lady, I should say she was an odd specimen. If she loves you and you are really engaged I should imagine she would not mind your joking her, but if you are half the scamp I suppose you to be I do not blame her for being frigid.

Lassy.—You have given me a mathematical problem with a lack of data. I must know the weight and measurements as well as height to venture an opinion on so important a matter as the nearness of pretty girls to the perfection of physique. 2 I can fully sympathize with you in that other matter. It is best, I think, as a rule to ignore mere business acquaintances except under circumstances which are out of common. Indeed I do not think you impertinent, and will be glad if you will write me any time regarding anything with which you think I can help you. Your writing indicates force of character, energy, some self-esteem, order, fondness of social life, exactness in business details and much appreciation of approbation.

A Mendicant.—You may entertain your friends at conversation contests with set numbers and subjects, or with music if you do not dance or play cards. If they are not accustomed to either they will not mix in in companies small enough to be sociable, and if they will miss their usual diversion, why ask them in crowds. You can chat over a cup of tea, or touch minds over an etching, a book, a concert or a play when there are just three or four friends. That is true sociability and real hospitality—the little group of congenial friends. Large gatherings are too often only parodies upon the genuine enjoyment derived from the friendly, social intercourse of a chosen few. Your writing indicates a refinement of nature, some diffidence strong will power, vivid imagination and lasting love for your friends.

Antoinette.—You pronounced the word exactly correct. 2. If he has sent a pair of slippers you may be sure that he will not be averse to the somewhat commonplace gifts. A handsome book in a pretty cover, a good engraving, an inkstand, a pen, a letter portfolio, handsome smoking apparatus, if he sins in that way, a shaving box, a toilette case, a paper knife, paper weight, a case for photographs, an easy chair, a silver matchsafe, a stamp case, an embroidered slumber rug, a decorated waste basket, a calendar, a card case and a smoking-cup, are all things which men will appreciate. Your writing shows much sympathy, order, decision, and tenderness, with a slight lack of cheerfulness and great steadfastness in friendship, some vivacity and persistence of will.

Mrs. De Flat—What is that horrid smell?
Mr. De Flat—I judge from the odor that it's one of those odorless oil stoves.—*N.Y. Weekly.*

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Editor *Western Sunset.*—Had yer dinner, Ike?
Pressman.—Yape!
Editor.—Well, then, insert "Second Edition" so nobody shall know that the first page, an' let her jam.—*Puck.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Our Christmas Number.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S Christmas Number will this year be the very brightest of Canadian holiday publications, and though the price has been fixed at fifty cents it will doubtless be popular, for, like all of the recent special issues from this office, it is more a sample of what Canadians can do than a money-making enterprise. It is large in size—44 pages—and has two twelve-colored lithographic supplements, which are works of art, and at the same time are large in size—17x24 inches each. The illustrations are a marvel of artistic excellence, and have cost so much money that if the expense were to be stated it would scarcely be believed. Christmas publications have been financially a loss to nearly every concern attempting them in Canada, notwithstanding statements to the contrary, and in the Dominion there are now but two classes of holiday illustrated numbers, the "fake" and the number which is intended not for present but for future profit. Leading the latter class is TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT. The edition of last Christmas was pronounced in New York the handsomest, most expensive and most artistic Christmas number issued in America, and this year it is larger in size, more profusely illustrated and more expensively edited than ever. It will be ready about the first of December.

Music.

Thanksgiving Day numbered among its other attractions two excellent concerts, which both drew forth large audiences and well-merited applause. St. George's Society has long had the reputation of giving good concerts, and it certainly justified the supposition on Thursday evening. Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Mackelcan have rarely been in better voice than they were that evening. Mrs. Caldwell's rendition of Proch's Air and Variations was a splendid one, being characterized by careful, conscientious singing, perfect intonation, and the utmost facility of execution. It showed the compass of her voice excellently, as it went to G flat in alt. Her singing of The Rainy Day was also very pleasing. Mrs. Mackelcan gave a fine rendering of Mattie's noble song, My Native Land, and was specially happy in her encore song, Rule Britannia. Mr. Harold Jarvis is a very satisfactory singer. He is earnest and painstaking, two attributes that were fully appreciated on this occasion. He sang with great feeling and taste. Mr. Schuch opened the ball with Temple's 'Tis All That I Can Say. These ladies and gentlemen sang a couple of quartettes excellently. By the way, why have we not more concerted music at our concerts?

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Mr. Ramsay was a very effective feature of the programme. He introduced a miniature picture gallery into one of his songs with very sympathetic results. His efforts were rewarded by a double recall. Sufficient variety was afforded by the introduction of instrumental solos and readings. Mrs. Waldron appeared in a dual capacity, giving effective renderings of Raff's Etude de Concert and De Beriot's Scene de Ballet. She was evidently somewhat nervous, but succeeded in displaying her mastery over both instruments, violin and piano. Mr. J. E. Wallis' clarionet solo was also a pleasing effort. Miss Jennie Houston is a clever young reader and gave her selections with exceedingly good effect. She shows excellent training and a decided natural bent for her work. The only drawbacks about the concert were a tardy beginning, which was accounted for at the time, and a too liberal length, which might have been avoided.

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On the same evening a most laudable performance was given at Elm street Methodist church, when the choir of the Jarvis street Baptist church joined Mr. Blight's singers in giving a most interesting sacred concert. The chorus numbered about one hundred voices, and showed most careful and judicious training. The ensemble was excellent, attacks and points being well taken up, and a due attention to light and shade being observed. Mr. Vogt conducted the combined choirs, with Mrs. Blight at the organ. Elm street choir gave a very correct rendition of the Chorus of Japhtides from Rubinstein's Tower of Babel, while Jarvis street's selection was Leslie's Pilgrims, sung very effectively without accompaniment, and deservedly encored. The solo vocalists were Mrs. Milligan, Mrs. J. W. Lawrence, Mr. A. E. Dent and Mr. H. M. Blight. Organ solos were played by Mrs. Blight and Mr. Vogt, and Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser gave some suitable readings. Altogether the programme was an excellent one, not too long, and very well carried out. The programme will be repeated in the Jarvis street church on Tuesday next with some slight alterations.

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The Sea King has been on the boards of the Academy this week, doing good business and drawing forth strong encomiums from the daily papers. I must confess to a decided feeling of continuous amusement as I sat and looked and listened. But this does not prove the Sea King a good comic opera, judged by proper standards. It has no plot worth speaking of. Its music starts out well, being broad and fairly original at the beginning of the opera, but Mr. Stahl, I fear, found time or inclination very much at fault before he finished his work, for it deteriorates visibly after the middle of the first act. With the exception of two quartettes, the later music is commonplace and reminiscent, the choruses being sung too frequently in unison, whether written so or not, and in other places in only two parts, producing an effect of baldness. The orchestra was announced as "augmented." So it was—by a conductor and a piano, to which the orchestra did not time. Is it not time that the local managers should enquire into these matters before they mislead by their published statements? The chorus was young and good looking, and had strong and sometimes strident voices. But the altos and tenors had not strident voices—in fact, they could hardly be heard at any time.

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If with all these faults, the Sea King was called a success by the critics of the dailies, why was it? I would not of course impugn the judgment of these gentlemen, so must look for the cause in another direction. I find it in the comedy of Mr. R. E. Graham as Don Bamboula, and as a result we must conclude that burlesque, exaggeration, horse-play or eccentric tomfoolery are more essential to the success of American comic opera to-day than its musical excellence. It is melancholy, but it is true. Look at all the American comic operas of late years, and you see the vulgarity of clownish wit, specialty acts, topical songs and crude music. Compare that with comic opera like even the Gilbert and Sullivan order (which was occasionally weak on both its sides) and the German or French operas, and see how immeasurably low American taste and American conception is. We, in Toronto, can do nothing, however, to change these things beyond blessing the managers when they bring us something good—and growling and grumbling when their bill-of-fare is poor.

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With all this Mr. Graham is a whole comedy company in himself and keeps the whole opera going. No Graham, No Sea-king in fact. He is a host in himself, and a very funny one at that. It was rather odd to see Mr. Mark Smith, who captured many hearts eighteen months ago as the tall thief in Erminie, appear in such a romantic part as that of the Sea King, and I must confess to a preference for the larcenious role. Mr. Smith has a very romantic appearance as the Sea King, but he does not sing romantically. His singing is not a musical sort of singing, though it shows good training. But oh, girls, isn't he good-looking! A veritable rough diamond is Miss Ada Giasca, whose acting is of the crudest but whose voice is very fine. Large, full, expressive and dramatic in quality, this young lady has a bright future before her in a much better field than comic opera. Her singing of the music of Dolores was always welcome. The others could sing fairly well and acted about up to their vocal standard.

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Miss Frances M. Pringle has been engaged as one of the leading sopranos in the choir of St. Andrew's church on King street.

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Mr. Harry M. Field has been quite successful as a solo pianist in Germany since his return to the scene of his former studies. On October 11 he played with the orchestral Society of Halle, receiving great praise from the press. The *Saale Zeitung* says that he has a brilliant technique and an excellent musical comprehension, and becomes quite prophetic as to his future.

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On Wednesday evening the service of song at the Church of the Redeemer was well attended. The singing of the choir under Mr. Schuch's direction, with Mr. Dinelli at the organ, was excellent. The solo voices of the choir, Miss Langstaff, Miss Gaylord and Miss Cooke, gave specially good account of themselves in the incidental solos. Mrs. Shilton's voice has improved in freedom and sympathetic quality since last year, and she gave a most acceptable rendering of I Know That My Redeemer Liveth and of the Inflammatus from the Stabat Mater. Mr. Charles Dimmock sang Hutchin's Abide With Me with great taste and expression.

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On the same evening a similarly excellent musical service was held at the Church of the Ascension under Mr. E. R. Doward's direction. Excellent work was done by the choir, and solos were sung by Miss Edith Matthews, Miss Fuller, Miss MacCallum, Mr. Sims Richards and Mr. H. Barker.

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Next Thursday evening the Toronto Symphony Orchestra will make its first appearance, under the direction of Signor F. D'Auria. I have already referred to the fine programme of orchestral music that will be given, and would add that Mme. D'Auria will sing I Am Titania, from Thomas' Oberon, and The Maids of Cadiz by Delibes.

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The Agnes Thomson concert company has gone on the road with Miss Maud Fuller, Mrs. Annie Waldron, Mr. H. Melville Boddy, Mr. H. S. Mould and Mr. B. L. Faeder to support the talented prima donna.

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I see that there will be a preachers' concert on Thursday evening at the McCaul street church. Now is the time for the organists to get their revenge, by going in a body and giving audible criticism. Nearly every choirmaster has found out how much better the parsons could take care of the singing than the professional people can, and it is with really fiendish glee that they would go to hear these gentlemen justify their previous superiority. I should like to go myself, but all things considered, I think I shall give the Symphony concert the preference.

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On Wednesday evening of last week the pupils of Mr. H. Baritta Mullizan gave a pleasant musical reunion at his studio on Yonge street. Those who took part were Miss Annie Hallworth, Mr. Frank Russell, Miss Nellie McDowall, Mr. W. T. Collins, Miss Lizzie Hallworth, Mr. Angus Morrison, Mrs. Shirley and Mr. Mull himself.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

It is a pretty difficult matter to say anything new about Joe Murphy or any of his plays now. We have been writing and rewriting and doing over our criticisms and notices of his performances season after season, and Joe bids fair to "go on forever." He is an illustrious example of success attained by doing a few things well. He found out what he could make successful and he stuck to it. Kery Gow and Shaun Rhue are still drawing good houses and giving as much pleasure as when first brought out. While Joe is raking in the shekels with the old favorites the critic who writes at so much a line goes hungry. However, we are always pleased to see him and giggle the same at Red Shaun's "divarsions" this year as we did before our hair began to give out. Joe Murphy always gives a "healthy" representation that, whether true to nature or false, is always strengthening and refreshing. When he is sentimental he is sentimental with a man's vigorous and crude but great, generous and invigorating sentimentality. And when he is cheerful he is so irresistibly Irish, so spontaneously mirthful, that one must needs succumb to it. Among Mr. Murphy's support this year one notices some of the familiar faces of the past seasons. Miss Belle Melville is still his leading lady, while Messrs. W. J. Cooney and W. T. Sheehan bob up serenely in their respective parts.

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The Sea King, a comic opera by Stahl, occupied the stage of the Academy of Music this week. This opera is rather cleverly composed and well written, although it can scarcely be placed in the best class. It is, however, well staged and humorous in its way. The stage fittings with which it is presented are rich and glowing with beautiful colors and brilliant tints. The costuming was beautiful and tasteful, making most effective tableaux. On the whole The Sea King is a popular and attractive show and has been well patronized here.

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This is the big week of the season at Jacobs and Sparrow's. The great attraction is the spectacular burlesque company headed by that popular little soubrette know to the public as Corinne. The piece, which gives opportunity for Miss Corinne's tripudiary gyrations this season is a burlesque of the opera Carmen, or is at all events alleged to be such. In reality it is a *melange* of elaborate sceneries, pretty girls, picturesque multi-colored costumes, rhythmic geometrical marches, grotesque buffoonery and frequent songs and dances. The influence of English imitation may be detected in the puns with which the text of the piece is interlarded. Puns, it has been said, are the barrenest form of wit. It is rarely that one hears one sufficiently good to be laughed at. By the way—to digress for a moment—why is it that people always groan when they hear a pun? Is it an instinctive effort of nature to suppress a murderer of the Queen's English, or is it merely a bad habit, like smoking cigarettes and "doing up" King street on sunny afternoons, showing one's clothes. It is in the song and dance part of the programme that Corinne shines. In this piece she gives a dance in imitation of Carmencita, the Spanish dancing girl, whom New Yorkers insanely raved about all summer. I never saw Carmencita, but I did not think Corinne's Spanish dancing any better than the Scottish sword dances she used to favor us with. Corinne's success is in her eye even more than in her heels. She has one of those under lids which can curve upward and make the eye look irresistibly roguish. Through this laughing aperture its dusky radiance twinkles like a star on a frosty night. Supplement this eye with a generous, smiling mouth finished with a superb dental outfit and you have, I think, the key to Corinne's popularity. Her leading man, Mr. Bernard Dyllyn, is a fair actor and an excellent singer. The company is well dressed and well trained, and the performance on the whole is entertaining and as inoffensive as any burlesque that comes this way.

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Theatre goers of Toronto will doubtless receive with favor the approaching engagement of the Valdis Sisters' Novelty Co. at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House commencing Monday, November 17. The impression this company made last season is still fresh in the memories of everyone. The Syracuse, N. Y., *Standard* says: "The phenomenal performances by the Valdis sisters at the close of the entertainment which the specialty company under their management gave at Grand Opera House last night overshadows all else that is offered. Nevertheless the bill is a pleasing one throughout."

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Since it was first intimated that Henry M. Stanley, the great explorer, was coming to Toronto, the entire community has been on the *qui vive* anent his visit. He will open the new Toronto Auditorium on Thursday evening, November 27. The new hall will have a most auspicious opening, as the occasion is certain to bring together one of the finest audiences ever assembled in Toronto. The new Auditorium seats over 2,000 people, and every seat is within easy hearing distance of the speaker and gives a full view of the stage. Owing to the large seating capacity the prices have been placed at a moderate figure, especially so when the great expense of the engagement is considered, and when compared with the prices charged in New York, in which city $25, $50 and as high as $150 was paid for a single seat. The plan of the hall will open next Thursday morning at Messrs. Nordheimer's, when suitable provision will be made for the accommodation of the public in selecting their seats.

'Varsity Chat.

Our representatives—Mr. C. A. Stuart and Mr. J. S. Scott—at the intercollegiate debate last week at McGill College, Montreal, did nobly. They won in the debate with the McGill boys. Strange things do happen; at the Literary Society elections last spring Messrs. Stuart and Scott opposed each other for the office of 1st vice-president. It matters not now who won, for as a debating team they pulled well together.

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The members of the Literary Society have set apart a night for the codification of the articles of the constitution and amendments thereto. When it was announced at the meeting last week that the manner in which the rules had been construed two or three years ago did not suit the present generation, the senior students smiled, and in thought they were carried back to the days when Messrs. Coatsworth, Hunter, DesBarres and Waldron used to spend hours in discussing points of order.

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The life and writings of Schiller were discussed at the meeting of the Modern Language Club this week, when essays indicative of careful study and philosophic thought were read by Miss Wilson and Miss McOuat. The benefits derived from these meetings are indeed valuable to those who participate in the discussion and also to those who listen attentively.

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The annual cross-country run will take place next Wednesday. This is the best lung tester of the season. It is also the last sporting event of the year and the boys will have a banquet in honor of the occasion after the run is completed. Mr. W. C. Mitchell, B.A., a classical man of the class of '90, was the champion runner of his day.

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Mr. D. H. McLean, B.A., after graduating last June with honors in modern languages, set out for Europe, where he spent the summer viewing scenes that he had only previously beheld through the eye of imagination. He is now studying law in Ottawa.

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Miss Jessie T. Scott, B.A., was among the visitors to Old 'Varsity last week.

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A large contingent of students from 'Varsity precincts attended the recent meeting of the Intercollegiate Missionary Alliance in Montreal.

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Graduates are not likely to soon forget the late Prof. Young's famous illustration "the piece of red ribbon and blue" to which he often referred in his lectures on sensation. A number of the men of the second year class seem to be anxious to make their influence felt and acquire a name and fame by having a new college badge adopted by all the students. The mild colors of blue and white, which adorn the small badge now worn, are not conspicuous enough for them. A large piece of cloth with glaring colors is what they desire, so that a student can be readily recognized by his fellows and the general public. I would suggest that some enterprising dry goods man supply them at reduced rates with "great big mufflers" which they could wind three times about their necks and once around their bodies and tie the ends of the said badges by two knots behind their shoulders. In this way Prof. Young's "red ribbon and blue" would wither in oblivion.

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Mr. George Young has returned to college to complete his course after having spent a year as a reporter on the city press.

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Mr. A. E. Segsworth, B.A., is in Germany taking a post-graduate course in psychology.

DRAX ALEEN.

Grandma's Glasses.

"Freddie, dear, have you seen my spectacles anywhere?" asks the old lady.

"Your gold rimmed glasses, grandma?"

"Yes."

"What you wear on your nose and see through, grandma?"

"Yes; where are they?"

"The glasses that grandpa gave you?"

"Yes."

"For a Christmas present?"

"Yes; tell me where they are."

"Are they the glasses that you read the Bible with, grandma?"

"Yes, yes! I'm getting impatient, Freddie. Get them for me.

"The glasses that you read about David and Gerliah with, and the three children in the fiery furnace?"

"Yes, yes; the same glasses. Tell me where they are at once, Freddie, and quit asking so many questions."

"And do you want to read with them now, grandma?"

"No; I want to sew."

"What are you going to sew, grandma?"

"I want to hem a few handkerchiefs."

"For me?"

"No; for grandpa. Where are those glasses, you little torment?"

"You can't sew with the glasses, can you grandma?"

"Why, of course I can. I can't sew without them."

"I though you sewed with a sewing machine, grandma."

"Oh, you aggravating boy! Look right at me! Now tell me where those glasses are!"

"Dunno!"

"Haven't you seen them lately?"

"No'm."

Things That Are Unpleasant.

There are always unpleasant people in this world, people who don't think just as you do. It's like the good and bad men, the men we like are good men, and the men we don't like are bad man.

It is unpleasant when you think you are entertaining a number of people by giving them your opinion, or a book to have somebody say, "I didn't know you'd ever set up for a critic. What's your claim? Lack of brain?"

It is unpleasant when you have put all your money in a well-fitting trig cloth gown to have some man say, "A woman never seems womanly to me unless she wears laces and silks."

It is unpleasant when you do know just how much money you spent and just how much you started out with, and you try to straighten an account and find you have spent more money than you had, and there is still seventy-five cents in your purse, to have a man look at you and wonder audibly "Is there any woman in the world who knows the multiplication table?"

It is unpleasant when you like somebody, to have somebody else wonder what you can see in them, or when you enjoy a play to have somebody wonder that such trifles could amuse you, or when you like a bit of candy to have them ask how a sensible woman can eat such stuff, and then tell you what it is made of. All these things are very unpleasant. However, they do exist, and the only thing that one can do is to smile and ignore them.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Way It Goes.

'Twas a breach of promise suit, letters were all read,
And here is what the opening words of each epistle said:
"Dear Mr. Smith," "Dear Friend," "Dear John," "My Darling Four-leaf Clover."
"My Ownest Jack," "Dear John," "Dear Sir," then "Sir," and all was over.

—Chicago Post.

The Best Kind.

"There's no rest for the wicked."
"Oh, yes there is. There's arrest for the wicked."

"Good-Bye."

For Saturday Night.

"Good-bye," and at my side
A girlish figure stands with hand
Outstretched to grasp my own.
"Good-bye," and the wild tide
Of this world's fortune draws me
On and leaves her there alone
And when again shall we two meet?
Capricious fortune only knows
In the wild rushing ebb and flows
I may be cast up at her feet,
Undone.
And then, perchance, we two may meet
In palace halls, she at my feet.
Who knows?

"Good-bye"—I hear the voice
Of one I love; and and the words, for
She is passing over.
"Good-bye," and I rejoice
Though we are parted, for I know she
Has but gone before.
And shall I see her, then, some day?
Ah, blest assurance God has given
To weary souls all tempest driven;
Some day the mists will roll away
In Heaven.
And then I know we both shall meet,
Praising our Saviour at his feet
At rest.

My Girl.

For Saturday Night.

Stately as a Cala Lily,
Sweet as any Rose,
Fresh as is a Daffodilly
In the Spring that blows—
Toast is she
Would you know her?
Would you see her?
Would you touch her hand?
Would you in her presence
Like a sun-kissed rose expand?
Then among the highways
And the byways, you must wind
That surely lead unto her,
Enthroned in my mind.
And all the time I think of her
I cannot help but feel
That another maid will catch me,
Not a bit like my ideal.
For I'm poor and she has money,
And I can't afford to wait;
But I wonder if we'll meet
When, perchance, 'twill be too late.

CARRIE LOUISE MUNSON.

The Burglar of the Future.

The burglar of the future comes
Adown the groove of time,
In broadcloth clad, and glossy hat—
A graduate of crime.
The very latest thing in boots,
The newest style in ties;
His whole get-up will fill the dude
With envy and surprise.

He'll wipe his shoes upon the mat
With air urbane and bland,
And leave his hat and overcoat
And stick upon the stand.
He'll make a gracious bow and say,
"I hope I don't intrude,"
Ere he will enter—for he'd die
If folks should think him rude

He'll beg our pardon when he takes
Our watch and diamond pin—
To steal without apologies
He'd think a grievous sin.
He'll ask politely for a loan,
And say, "I fear I'm rash—
Excuse me, sir—don't mention it,"
The while he scoops our cash.

How different from the bad old past
The future's going to be!
Twill almost be a pleasure soon
A Claude de Sykes to see.
The old uncivilized thief
Must hide his head in shame,
For though the new one's more polite,
He'll get there all the same.

Prospice.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
And a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandage my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt in a minute, pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements rage, the fiend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be at rest!

ROBERT BROWNING.

To Tell the Age of a Horse.

To tell the age of any horse,
Inspect the lower jaw, of course;
The six front teeth the tale will tell,
And every doubt and fear dispel.

The middle "nippers" you behold
Before the colt is two weeks old;
Before eight weeks two more will come;
Eight months the "corners" cut the gum.

The outside grooves will disappear
From middle two in just one year.
In two years from the second pair;
In three, the "corners," too, are bare.

At two, the middle "nippers" drop;
At three, the second pair can't stop;
When four years old, the third pair goes;
At five, a full new set he shows.

The deep black spots will pass from view
At six years from the middle two;
The second pair at seven years;
At eight, the spot each "corner" clears.

From middle "nippers," upper jaw,
At nine the black spots will withdraw.
The second pair at ten are white;
Eleven finds the "corners" light.

As time goes on the horseman know
The oval teeth three-sided grow;
They longer get, project before
Till twenty, when we know no more.

Noted People.

Miss Yonge has a plot for her 101st novel.

Mrs. Alice Shaw will soon start on a whistling trip around the world.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, the English novelist, is said to be one of the most popular women in Great Britain, as well as one of the cleverest.

Mr. Eugene Field of Chicago, who resides at present in London, has two books in the press —Some Western Verse and A little Volume of Profitable Tales.

Miss Grace King, the popular Louisiana novelist, is a young lady of twenty-seven, with brown hair and eyes, a stately figure, and attractive but rather striking features.

Among those who danced at the ball given at Brussels on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo was the present Georgiana, Dowager Baroness de Ros of London, who is ninety-five years old. She was a daughter of the Duke of Richmond, who gave the ball.

Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, the well-known society woman and author, is scoring a success by her lectures abroad no less than she has done in New York. Select audiences have heard her in various European cities, and she has been warmly received everywhere.

A German bride was recently wedded in a novel dress of red and white, the colors of her husband's regiment, and her bridesmaids wore also gowns of scarlet and white. The bride, Countess Elizabeth Koenigsmarck, is said to be one of the handsomest women in Germany.

The Emperor of Germany has great faith in the influence of music on soldiers and sailors. The German War Office has lately caused to be published a number of new song books for chorus and quartette music, and extra editions of Song Books for Soldiers are in constant use.

It is impossible to say where the Empress of Austria is with any certainty from day to day. She has been latterly at Algiers, Tunis, Gibraltar and Toulon, always maintaining the strictest incognito, so that it is not known that they have been entertaining an empress till after she is gone.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, wife of the American Minister to France, is regarded in Paris as an ideal diplomate. Her house is sumptuous, her hospitality, both official and personal, unbounded, her dressing costly and in perfect taste, her manners simple, kindly, and elegant, and her French irreproachable.

Mr. Bancroft, who had hoped to finish his history this winter, said to a friend a few days ago: "I have laid my work upon the shelf and can now only wait for the future summons. Literary effort has passed beyond my powers. I can do no more; so I must accept the common lot of humanity."

Mrs. Carlo Patti, widow of the diva's brother, publishes a card in which she denies that Carlotta Patti, her little daughter, is living in squalor and neglect. She and her daughter, she says, live in a pleasant and comfortable manner in New Orleans, and Mme. Patti-Nicolini allows her a stipend monthly.

The Duchess of Manchester is a very much disappointed woman by the terms of the old Duke's will. The magnificant family jewels, including the famous necklace of 365 large pearls, and the tiara of Golconda diamonds, must all be sold, according to the will, to supply the deficiency of his personal estate.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe, author of many books, and one of the ablest of literary women, is at the age of seventy hard at work both as a writer and a reformer. She is full of health and vigor, which she attributes to her simple diet and regular habits, and gives much time to the Antivivisection Society in London, of which she is president.

Miss Rhoda Broughton, the novelist, is entitled to the thanks of her kind, because though she has written twenty-two novels, she has published but ten. In reward, perhaps, of this stoic virtue, she owns a most picturesque and charming home in Oxford, and being a very bright and gracious woman, she is much sought there, and enjoys the university tone of social life.

Mr. Gladstone has been driven to issue the following card: "In consequence of the increasing unauthorized deliveries at Hawarden and elsewhere, Mr. Gladstone wishes it to be known that he cannot hold himself responsible for the safety and return of birthday and autograph books, testimonials, collecting cards and books, pictures, poems, novels, music, and other manuscripts."

Mrs. H. M. Stanley has still not finished receiving wedding presents. One of the most interesting has just come to hand, and been acknowledged by her. M. S. Chalikian, a member of the Armenian Church and community at Constantinople, sent her a gold cross as a wedding present, accompanied by a letter in which he reminded her of the antiquity of the Armenian Church and the Armenian language.

Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt is credited with an effort to bring back summer country life in her world to the simplicity which means summer rest. Last season at Newport she wore cool and simple toilettes with few ornaments, she turned her children out to play in the plainest and most serviceable garments, she invited guests to quiet pleasures, and set her whole life to the key of unostentatious comfort and leisure. It is said that her missionary labors resulted in some conversions from the painful worship of Mammon.

George Washington's famous "Rules of Civility," which, in his boyish handwriting, he had copied from some unknown original into the old blank-book that is now in the archives at Washington, but so badly gnawed by rats as to be in parts illegible, has been traced by that indefatigable literary explorer Mr. Moncure D. Conway to a French source. One version of the "Rules" he finds in a manual sent by the Jesuit monks of the college of La Flache to their fellow monks at Pont-a-Mousson in 1595; another version appears, nearly fifteen years later in a little treatise published in London by a youthful prigof eight years, Francis Hawkins by name; and from these two relics Mr. Conway has supplied the missing articles of the dignified young Virginian's code of manners.

The College Bred Woman.

The college-bred woman is a merciless iconoclast, as well as an inveterate optimist—a ruthless, reckless destroyer of time-honored traditions. There was a time when even scientific men believed that the structure of a woman's brain was so inferior to that of a man is that it precluded any possibility of her equalling him in intellectual powers. The college-bred woman triumphantly refutes the theory by writing her name "above the senior wrangler's" in the records of the greatest of English universities. There was a time when men believed a woman physically incapable of the strain of college life. The college-bred woman takes off her corset, builds her gymnasium, and shows an equal statistical average vitality with that of women under the most favorable conditions, with better promise for the future in her hygienic scientific knowledge of the laws of life. Again, men said that the college-bred woman would lose her charm for man and remain forever a beautifully perfected but unplucked blossom upon the virgin stem. College statistics show that the proportion of marriages among graduates not only compares favorably with that among other women, but is continually increasing so that it is difficult to fill important places with competent women on account of their tendency to assume the cares of domestic rather than professional life. Last and gravest charge of all, the college-bred woman was said to be incapable of the duties of motherhood. Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood, a college graduate well-known in philanthropical and educational as well as social circles of New York, has made an exhaustive study of this subject and finds as the result of her investigations that a greater proportion of the children of college-bred women survive infancy than do those of the mothers lacking the scientific training of college life.

"I know it is constantly argued," Mrs. Wood asserts, "that common sense and not science is the most valuable capital for a mother, and that experience and not theory is the safe guide in matters maternal, but I venture to disagree with this oft-repeated dictum. Old-fashioned New England mothers are often extolled as an ideal type of motherhood, while college-bred women are the staple of popular newspaper jokes in their alleged futile attempts to care for their offspring. Yet statistics show that the mortality among native New England stock exceeds that of any other part in the United States, and the proportion of deaths to births is constantly increasing; while among the ridiculed college women nine-tenths of their children survive infancy, a record which I believe has never been equalled in any country or age since statistics furnished the data for such deductions.

"The average woman has experience in plenty and common sense without experience, but she is not scientific—not susceptible to new truths. She has made up her mind very firmly on the narrow range of subjects within her personal experience, and the care of children is usually one of them. The more experience an obstinate woman acquires, the further she travels from the beginning of wisdom.

"I assert that a woman scientifically educated can in three hours be taught more about the care of infants than another intellectually untrained can learn from personal experience in a lifetime. In other occupations less exacting than a mother's we allow experience alone to count for little. We call a man a quack who attempts to practice medicine upon the simple capital of experience, with no actual study of its general scientific principles.

"A mother's responsibilities are no less heavy than those of the physician she employs. Yet she demands of him that he shall be conversant with all the latest development of science, while she herself goes back for precept and principle to the traditions of her grandmother. Experience has no accepted standard by which to judge of its results. It is merely what Mrs. Smith did fifty years ago, or what Mrs. Brown said yesterday. More than likely neither said what was true. Besides, deriving general rules from individual cases is fallacy. Why should I wish to know how old Mrs. Brown fed her babies years ago or how grandmother Smith cared for hers, when in the quiet of own library I can ascertain from the greatest living authority in the care of children the whole science of infant dietary and gleanings the best experience and conclusions of all the world's greatest intellects along the line of infant theories."

"And do you think all this scientific knowledge would help a mother to quiet a crying baby, fretting with colic, as well as the soothing care of the old-fashioned grandmother?"

"O no! I mean that scientific knowledge teaches a mother that there's no need of having crying babies or allowing them to fret with colic. My baby never cries and doesn't know anything about the colic, though tradition declares that crying is beneficial and a sign of intelligence, since 'the child who never cries is a fool,' and that colic and pains are natural incidents to babyhood. The mothers of experimental knowledge go on dosing their babies as their mothers did before them, accepting the colic more resignedly than the baby does, as a necessary evil. Scientific mothers investigate and find out that they are feeding the colic to their babies by introducing myriads of destructive microbes into the stomach in the milk and water they give them, or are slowly starving them upon the 'natural food' they supply, and which they are unable to learn, by analytical examination, lacks, as it frequently does, the necessary elements of nutrition.

"There is another tradition that the dreaded second summer of babyhood is a more critical period than the first summer, and that the summer season is to be feared any way. I traveled with my baby all the first summer after he was born, fed him the much-derided artificial food, and he was never sick a day or an hour. Science taught me that the summer illness of children was due to the presence of greater numbers of microbes in the food, and to be sure that such microbes were destroyed before they fed upon the intestinal organs of the child, and also before they had exhausted the richness of the milk I gave him. Science teaches me, too, that the second summer of a child properly nourished should be and is less fraught with danger than the first, because statistics show that with every month of existence a child's hold on life is strengthened. Of course I meet with considerable opposition from mothers whose faith in the old sup-rstitions is genuine and intense. One lady said that she was thankful that her brood of children came along before we knew anything about artificial food, chemical analysis, and microscopical investigation. 'My children had nature's nourishment until they were old enough to come to the table and eat what the rest did,' she said. 'How many children did you have?' I asked her. 'Ten,' she answered proudly, and then less triumphantly added, 'but six died in infancy.' I thought, but did not say, that the chemical analysis she despised would probably have shown her that her breast-fed children were starved, and that as a result of the microscopic discoveries which she deprecated one could possibly to day have saved all six by artificial feeding. Another lady, after asking in detail about my system with my baby, said severely: 'When you lose your baby, as you undoubtedly will before he is a year old, you will regret having been so self-willed." And when I explained to her that I did nothing except with the counsel and consent of my husband, who is a physician, she said scornfully, "What do men know about babies? One old woman is better than five doctors.' Such being the case, I suggested, it seemed strange that no woman or mother had made any valuable contribution to the world's knowledge on the care of infants. The standard authorities on infant physiology are men and physicians; the best works on infant psychology are by men; the most valuable book on children's education is by a man and a bachelor, Herbert Spencer; the only rational dress for a baby was designed by a man, Dr. Grosvenor; and the sterilizing of infants' food was discovered and perfected by Soxlet, a man and a scientist."

"But it is impossible for all women to acquire a collegiate education."

"Yes; and for that very reason we need a revision in our system of public education. We should cut down to the vanishing point the time our girls spend on ornamental studies, ridiculous or mechanical, parrot-like recitations, rote learning, all striving for marks and prizes, and train the minds of girls who may eventually become mothers in habits of careful observation and logical deduction that their hands may answer promptly with wise-doing in emergency. There is to me no crime of our present civilization which so cries out against the women who call themselves educated, as the death in the United States of more than an annual 400,000 children at an age when they are directly under the mother's care."

Finally, as a closing and convincing argument to her theory, there came into Mrs. Wood's parlor a healthy, happy specimen of scientific babyhood, who rapturously greeted this scientific woman as "ma-ma." Happy child of a happy mother! In his twenty-two months of babyhood he has never known the torture of colic, goes to sleep at night and never wakes until morning, cuts his teeth with as little ceremony and suffering as a small kitten, contracts no infantile diseases, succumbs to no infantile disorders, and does not periodically upset the equilibrium of the entire family at intervals of two or three days by being mysteriously "cross," after the manner of unscientific baby tyrants. The diet of this enviable baby consists now of water that has been boiled, milk that has been sterilized, oatmeal, baked apples, and stock soup.

This college-bred woman is a graduate of Vassar, a trustee of Barnard, a contributor to the press, a public speaker on various educational and scientific subjects, a woman of place in society, and a most successful mother.

All honor to the college-bred woman. She is now successfully pursuing thirty-five practical avocations besides teaching. She is doing more toward obtaining, establishing, and projecting the real rights of woman than all the hysterical women suffragists and ranters for equal power and place. Woman has always been man's moral superior; the college-bred woman is pushing her way to the front of the ranks as his mental equal.—*N.Y. Sun.*

Art and Artists.

Mr. G. A. Reid will hold an exhibition of his summer work at Matthews' Art Rooms, Yonge street, next week. The exhibition will open about the middle of the week.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster on Tuesday last presented to the Missionary Committee of the Methodist church a portrait, painted by himself, of the late Rev. Geo. McDougall.

The meeting of the Toronto Architectural Sketch Club on Tuesday evening was addressed by Mr. Edmund Burke, who read an interesting paper on Slow Burning Construction, as applied in factories and warehouses. An animated discussion followed.

A Child's Request.

A Detroit mother tells this story of her little girl. The child was left alone at the table and called vigorously for her mamma:

"What do you want, Kitty?" inquired her mother, hurrying back to the table.

"Want oo to tickle my tea wif a spoon, pease, mamma," was the child's lisped reply.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Tardy Knowledge.

"One never knows the value of a piece of bric-a-brac until it is broken," sighed Mrs. Wellover, as she surveyed the remains of a broken rose jar. "That's true enough," rejoined Mr. Wellover. "It wasn't until Tom Kickle broke Miss Pinkeye's heart that she discovered it was worth $50,000."—*Chicago Times.*

Knew All About it.

First letter—You say you know something about a little love affair? How did you get on to it?

Second letter—Oh, I've been posted.

A Difficult Matter.

It requires a nice choice of words to write a letter to your country relations that sufficiently thanks them for the summer visit you made there, and yet not have it misconstrued as an invitation to return the visit during the winter. —*Chicago Post*

Business First.

Preacher (reading)—I asked for bread and ye gave me a stone.

Jeweler (suddenly waking)—Eh? How many carats?

J. W. BENGOUGH.

Canada's Caricaturist.

The history of Canadian caricature in graphic art is a short story. With the exception of that of the subject of the present sketch the names associated with it are comparatively unknown. Mr. J. W. Bengough's genial countenance is known in almost every hamlet from Vancouver to Halifax. This familiar acquaintance with the back townships is accounted for by his lecturing tours. His "chalk talks" have doubtless done more to extend his reputation and fame than even his journalistic work, inasmuch as his active and aggressive personality was thus brought home to many who would otherwise have known him only as an abstraction. The history of caricature in this country is almost entirely comprised in the biography of the editor and founder of *Grip*. Feeling, from the interest which always attaches to this branch of art, that a brief description of the career and methods of our only comic artist of note would be of interest to the public, which has for years been amused by his labors, I recently interviewed him to this end.

"I suppose we may as well go back to the beginning," said Mr. Bengough after I had found he was willing to favor me. "I was born in Toronto something less than half a century ago. I am told, as most men are who have succeeded in my particular line, that early in life and in school I showed a strong propensity for making sketches, with which I covered my books, slates and papers. Principal Kirkland of the Normal School, who was one of my preceptors, often tells me of a sketch I made on an examination paper I handed in to him, of a pig carrying the paper to him in its mouth. I attended the collegiate institute at Whitby, and while there developed my sketching talent by practising on the local celebrities of that town, newspaper editors, etc. When I came to Toronto in 1871 the bent of my mind was still in the direction of caricature. I made a sketch one day of a certain well-known citizen, old Mr. Beaty, taking a siesta, as was his habit, on a chair in front of the *Leader* office. This sketch was reproduced by lithography, a process of which before that time I knew very little. The speed and exactness with which my drawing was reproduced made practicable a scheme I had long considered—that of starting an illustrated comic weekly. Accordingly the first number of *Grip* made its appearance on May 24, 1873. It was a favorable juncture. Political feeling was running high. The Pacific scandal was then ripe. The people liked the pictures, and the paper at once got a good circulation. Some of these pictures, however, would stop a clock. I was new at the business, the methods of reproduction were poor, as was also very often the printing—a grievance which haunts me still. Between these things I have often been in despair."

"Tell us something about your methods of originating your cartoons."

"My method is chiefly noted for its want of method. I take a specified day for getting out my cartoons and usually finish them at one sitting. You may say that I never carry a drawing pad and rarely a lead pencil."

"Do you never jot down in a note book any suggestions that occur to you for pictures?"

"Hardly ever. It would probably be better for me if I did. It would save me considerable work sometimes, no doubt. But I read the papers carefully, and when the day comes I sit down and evolve out of the mass of information I have gathered the cartoons for the week."

"No, I never studied art in the regular way. I tried to once, and joined the government art school; but I could not stand drawing from casts. I found it insufferably dry. Besides, I am of opinion that a finished art education is not the most desirable thing for a caricaturist. The main thing in a caricature is the 'point,' and this is more often lost than gained by the attempt to retain absolute mechanical correctness in drawing. For instance, there is John Tenniel of *Punch*, whose cartoons are often very ineffective, though always correctly drawn. I cannot better illustrate what I mean than by pointing to *Punch* to-day and to *Punch* when John Leech's pencil produced the cartoons. Leech got at his point and let the drawing take care of itself.

"Some years ago it occurred to me an interesting volume could be produced by compiling all my cartoons dealing with momentous events in the political history of Canada. After commencing it I decided to carry it back as many years as I could before the inception of *Grip*. In this I met with great success and succeeded in forming a very complete chain of cartoons from the date of the burning of the parliament buildings at Montreal. These were gathered from *Punch in Canada*, a paper published at one time in Montreal and Toronto, *Grinchuckle, Diogenes*, and other defunct journals, the cartoons of E. Jump and H. Julian in the *Canadian Illustrated News* and from pictures on election dodgers of an interesting historical character. This Caricature History of Canada, as it was called, is the only work I have produced outside of my regular weekly paper."

"I have often heard curiosity expressed as to how you catch and retain the expression of the faces of the local men you draw in your chalk talks when on your tours. Your chance of observing them must often be very slight. To those uninitiated your facility savors of witchcraft."

"Yes, I often have little opportunity for getting those faces, as for instance when I reach a town with but time to eat a bit of supper and arrange my easel before it is time for the curtain to rise. On one or two occasions I have even had to dispense with the formality of the supper. When I arrive in a town with time enough to spare, I get hold of one of the committee men, get him to take me around and point out half a dozen or so of the leading citizens, at the same time giving me enough of their history or habits to enable me to make a hit. I never make a sketch of these while looking at them. Instead, I take mental notes and sketch them out on paper when I return to the hotel, attaching to each sketch the notes that belong to it. These memoranda I use in my speech to prevent things from getting mixed. When I have but little time I float around through the audience and have my victims pointed out there. On one memorable occasion in a town not far away there was no time for even this to be done. Accordingly, I explained matters to the chairman and told him he would have to offer himself up as one of those to be sacrificed—also that he must bring me some others who would do the same. I retired to a private room in the hall and he brought me three or four prominent citizens who were willing—some of them even eager—to be slaughtered. I made notes of their features, and it is almost needless to say that with the chance I had to see them I was even more successful in my likenesses than usual. When delivering a "chalk-talk" recently before the Fellowcraft Club, New York, my reproduction of some of the "features" present from memory was a source of delighted astonishment to those assembled. My astonishment was, perhaps, greater than theirs. To me it was a matter of surprise that my sketches should take so well. I thought that newspaper men like those in New York must see and hear nearly everything worth seeing and hearing, but in the smallest 'four corners' village I ever lectured in I never faced a more thoroughly delighted and surprised audience than these New York editors and writers."

Mr. Bengough's *piece-de-resistance* in caricature, is, as everybody knows, Sir John. Few faces lend themselves to the pencil of the comedian in art so readily as the expressive countenance of the Tory Chieftain. He has been a bonanza for *Grip*. Though not distinguished by the gorgeousness which marks the work of the leading American caricaturists, Mr. Bengough's work is never without "point," and some of his happiest hits have not been surpassed by anything in the history of caricature on this continent. His pencil has always been on the side of what he considered truth and right; and fearless in his own opinions he always struck out boldly, regardless of whom his shafts of satire might hit. By this independent course he has won almost universal commendation, and even among those he has caricatured he has hosts of warm and admiring friends. VAN.

On Quite Another Mission.

She—Oh, Count, aren't you going to the Charity Ball next week?

He—I know not what you mean of ze Charity Ball, mademoiselle. Ees cet ze ball for ze poor?

She—Yes. Won't you go?

He—No, mademoiselle, no. I haf not come to America to dance wiz ze *poor.—Harper's Magazine.*

Driven to It.

Kind Lady—If you need clothing, I can supply you with an old suit of my husband's, but they'll be about four sizes too big for you.

Tramp—Never mind, mum; I'll wear 'em. I'd rather be mistook for an anglo-maniac than freeze.

A Proposal.

Jack Dash.—Charlie, what do you think Miss Passe said to me last night at the ball?

Charlie Fast.—Can't imagine.

Jack Dash.—Well, she looked at me in a melting sorting of way, and said, with a blush, "Jack, you are an indifferent sort of cavalier, so you must pardon me if I propose——"

Charlie Fast.—Good heavens! you don't mean it?

Jack Dash (continuing calmly).—"——If I propose that you make an effort to reach the supper table before the seats are all appropriated."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicely," Etc.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE HUNT BALL.

Corona St. Cyr was undoubtedly the belle of the Hunt ball. It was the first time that she had appeared at any entertainment of this description; for her presence at the masked ball had only been recognized by one or two who were in the secret, and no one had suspected that the wizard in the embroidered robe was Mr. Vansittart, the eccentric recluse of the Panelled House.

Corona looked wonderfully lovely—all the more so from the fragility of her appearance engendered by anxiety and sleepless nights. Her dark, unfathomable eyes shone like stars, and the delicate flush that happiness and excitement had called up in her cheek, gave an almost unearthly radiance to her beauty. She was dressed, as usual, in white, some fabric of shiny texture, soft and clinging, the softness and richness enhanced by the masses of fleecy old lace which formed its only adornment. White lace jessamine, pure and fragrant, nestled in her golden hair, and made a spray across the front of her open dress; and a single string of pearls encircled her shapely throat. Not a touch of color anywhere save the soft rose tint in her cheeks, and the ivory whiteness of the arms and neck provoked many a glance of envy from young damsels of more rosy and robust appearance.

Corona looked almost spirit-like in her calm, graceful beauty, and the noiseless brightness and buoyancy of all her movements rather added to this impression. After the eye had followed her for a while almost all other dancers looked coarse and clumsy. Perhaps no one in that crowded room attracted one little of the notice that Mr. Vansittart's ward did.

The girl was almost persecuted with introductions and entreaties to dance. It was well for Cedric that he had been first in the field, and had received the promised four arranged between them; otherwise he would have had but little chance. Her card filled up from end to end during the first half-hour, and as for extras, she grew quite confused as to what had been bespoken, and by whom.

Patricia was there, of course, gay and brilliant as ever, and as she expressed it, "over head and ears in love with that charming girl herself." Yet it was not without a pang that she watched Mervyn's face as his eyes followed Corona through the glittering throng of dancers, and she was disposed to ask, as others have asked before her, how it was that some women have the gift of drawing to them the best and bravest hearts, when only one can be accepted and the others must be trampled in the dust.

Presently Mervyn came across to her and led her away to the dance just commenced; but his movements were so languid that Patricia speedily halted and looked searchingly into his face.

"You are not well, Mervyn. You are looking as pale as a ghost."

"I have a horrid headache. I am bothered about a lot of things. I've had a row with my father—such a thing never happened before."

"Let us come away into some quiet place and have a comfortable chat. You ought to be in bed instead of figuring away here."

Mervyn led the way through the corridor and into a kind of make-believe garden—a piece of ground studded with shrubs in pots, and covered by an awning, and protected by canvas curtains from the chill outer air. It was, however, sufficiently cool in here for few people to be attracted thither, although the dimness and seclusion gave opportunities favorable for any conversation that required privacy.

Patricia and Mervyn walked up and down, and he told her all that had occurred, and when she had listened and sympathized, and approved his resolve to appear for the time being less friendly with Cedric, they walked up and down together in the silence that betokens a true friendship.

Presently the sound of voices on the other side of the canvas wall arrested their attention; and without the least intention of being eavesdroppers they could not avoid hearing the following dialogue:

"Now, Marjorie—your promise. I am not going to let you off, so don't think it."

"I did not promise—you know I did not," the tone was half harsh, half pleading. "It will much better not—indeed it will."

"Nonsense, we are free agents. I tell you I am not ashamed of anything, and I don't care who knows it. Come, Marjorie."

"Oh, Keith, indeed I cannot——"

"If you do not, I shall be obliged to take it as a sign that you are ashamed of me."

"You are very unkind to say so——"

"That you do not care for me."

"Keith!" there was almost a sob in the girl's voice. It seemed to act like a charm upon the invisible pleader; there was a moment's silence, then a very suspicious sound, followed by Keith's voice pitched in a very different key.

"So you do care just a little, Marjorie. Little witch, but I have got you safe now. Do you suppose you will ever be allowed a will of your own again? Now will you give me my dance?"

"No; but I will stay with you here as long as ever you like."

Recalling himself by an effort, Mervyn spoke out in a loud tone to Patricia, and the voices instantly ceased. She answered him with admirable *sang froid* as they promenaded down the gravel path; but there was consternation on both faces, oddly at variance with the common-place topic under discussion.

"You had better take me back to the room and go and look after your brother," said Patricia when at a safe distance from the unseen lovers.

"The mischief is done already, I fear," answered her companion. "There is never any holding Keith when a love affair is in prospect; but just at this juncture——"

"It is very foolish. He ought to be wiser."

"Well, if it comes to my father's ears I suppose I shall get the credit of having led him astray. It seems some whisper has reached him already. Well, if he is really in love I suppose there is allowance to be made," and Mervyn sighed.

"If—" and Patricia's face expressed a doubt; after a pause she added, "you know what Keith is."

"Yes; but all the same he has plenty of right feeling at the bottom, and a warm heart. I do not think he would knowingly trifle with a girl's feelings."

"I hope not; but you had better go and look after him. Little Marjorie is so innocent and trusting and childlike to be played with with impunity. What is, or may be, sport to him, may equally be death to her. There is Gerald; leave me now and go back to them."

Mervyn obeyed, wandering in an apparently aimless way through the corridor and back to the mock garden. He saw that a white and a dark figure stood now at the far end of the improvised tent, and he drew near to them in a leisurely way, giving them plenty of time to separate or make off if they chose. But they did neither one nor the other, and boldly stood their ground. Marjorie, it is true, seemed to shrink back a little, but Keith held her firmly by the hand.

"Ah, Mervyn," he said in a frank, easy way, with an under one of resolution that might turn almost to defiance. "I have a piece of news for you. You are just in the nick of time to give me your congratulations. Let me introduce your future sister-in-law. Marjorie Musgrave has done me the honor to promise to become my wife—some day."

Mervyn's face did not change. Even Keith, who knew his brother's talent for impassive calmness, was surprised at his absolute command of his countenance. Marjorie was almost frightened, and, looking up with something like the sparkle of tears in her pretty brown eyes, she asked, faltering ly:

"Oh, Lord Mervyn, are you very angry with us?"

Mervyn's face softened instantly, and he held out his hand and took hers in a kindly clasp. There was something rather pathetic to him in the sight of that child-like face raised so appealingly to him.

"If we are to be brother and sister, Marjorie, you must not be so formal. No, I am not angry. Why should I be?"

"I know it is not a good time," said Marjorie, wistfully, "but Keith would not wait, and I could not say what was not true."

"Of course it is far too soon to be much sides," said Keith, earnestly. "Not a word is to be breathed till a more propitious season. That is understood."

"Till," was Mervyn's significant monosyllable.

"Oh, it will come some day," cried Keith, confidently, "you will see. Things always do come right in the end. Marjorie will wait any time for me, she says, and if the worst comes to the worst we can but marry on my three hundred a year. 'Love in a cottage,' you know, sir Talbot said, 'when one can always smoke.' Marjorie quite agrees to that view."

Keith laughed, and Mervyn's face was still gentle and kindly, for Marjorie's eyes were bent upon him as if he were the arbitrator of their fate; but he was a good deal disturbed by this new complication.

"You will keep our secret?" said the girl timidly. "You will not betray us."

"No, no," he answered hastily. "You may trust me, and I hope you will both be very happy."

And then he turned away and left them, for he saw that further words were useless.

"How kind he is!" said Marjorie when the lovers were alone; "but Keith, I do not think he liked it."

"Possibly not, but in these matters, Marjorie, a man must judge for himself. I am not going to spoil my life for the sake of keeping my father in a good temper. If he is not proud to call my Marjorie his daughter he may dispense with the pleasure of having me for a son."

"Oh, Keith, don't."

He stopped her with a kiss.

"I will hold you against all the world, my Marjorie. Now do not shrink and trouble; I will be very cautious. For the present our sweet secret is our own; and some day, when our chance has come, all the world shall know it; and we will, by our efforts, unite the rival houses in a universal brotherly love."

"Oh Keith, how you do talk!"

"Well wonderful things have been done before now. I feel that, given the opportunity, I could make a wonderful hit."

"Ah, yes; but the opportunities so seldom come!"

"Let us wait and watch for ours. I have a presentiment that some day it will come."

Mervyn ventured to the ball room absent and distrait.

"I could wish people would not insist on confiding their secrets to me," was the unspoken thought of his heart. "I suppose it relieved Keith's conscience; but I have quite enough to bear just now on my own account without having his burdens added. However, I really knew before, and perhaps he was justified in thinking I knew."

The evening had fled on apace; the company was going down by detachments to supper, and extra dances were being put on to fill up the interval in the regular programme.

Corona and Cedric were standing together as it about to dance the waltz for which the musicians were striking up. Mervyn walked straight up to them.

"Our dance, I think, Miss St. Cyr."

"Pardon me," was Cedric's rather haughty response, "It is my dance."

"I think you are mistaken," was the viscount's cold reply. "It is my dance. I appeal to Miss St. Cyr."

Corona looked perplexed and distressed.

"I cannot tell. I get so confused about the extras. But, indeed, it does not matter. I had better not dance at all."

"Pardon me," said Mervyn, in gently insistive fashion, "but I am not prepared to be supplanted so. This dance was promised to me."

"To me," interpolated Cedric.

There were a good many people standing round watching and listening with great interest and attention. It had already been rumored that the ill-feeling between Musgrave Towers and Eagle's Crag was about to culminate in another law-suit, and now that the two eldest sons of the rival houses had apparently laid aside their long-standing friendship, to embrace their father's quarrels, it seemed indeed as if a new source of excitement was about to be furnished to all onlookers.

Lord Mervyn was exceedingly pale—pale with anger as everyone thought, and when a self contained man like the viscount betrays outwardly the stress of his feelings, people begin to think that matters have come to a pretty pass.

Cedric was drawn up to his full height. His arms were crossed upon his chest. His brow was beat, his whole face full of stern displeasure. People had observed before that the two young men had not shaken hands, and had barely exchanged a word all the evening.

"I think Miss St Cyr will recognize my prior claim," said Mervyn, taking the girl's hand and placing it upon his arm. Corona gave one quick glance at Cedric and let herself be led away. Idle spectators who looked in his face, said that there would be mischief between him and Lord Mervyn one of these days.

Lady Barbara never stayed late at any entertainment of this kind. Like royalty, she preferred to come late and go early. Mervyn was glad enough to escape from the heat and glare and necessity for action into the cold, frosty night, and Keith, who declined to leave so early, was left to follow his own devices.

Cedric seemed disposed to profit by the absence of his rival, and made the most of his opportunities. Mrs. Musgrave, who, seated beside Mr. Vansittart, watched the movements of the handsome pair very narrowly, was struck, as any close observer would be, with the perfect content of Corona's face whenever she was monopolized by Cedric Musgrave. Till then it had never occurred to her that her step-son might again be an obstacle in her path.

Her face darkened at the thought; she glance at her companion, and was pleased to note the cruel and crafty smile upon his thin lips. She read in that look a hatred to Cedric only less intense than her own. A new idea crossed her mind. What if she could get this man's co-operation to her favorite scheme of ridding herself of her step-son's presence!

"It has often struck me," she began, cautiously, "that in the case of young girls with wealth behind them, especially girls unversed in the ways of the world, they should not be allowed the liberty of choice, in reference to their future, which custom accords to our daughters. It should be arranged by parents or guardians, as is done with such excellent results in other countries."

"I quite agree with you, my dear madam," was the suave reply. "The same thought often crosses my own mind."

"I have no doubt it does, with the care of those two sweet girls upon your hands. Do you know, Mr. Vansittart, that I have been rather shocked by what I have seen to-day."

"And may I ask what that is?"

"That my step-son Cedric is paying open court to Miss St. Cyr, and though I am sorry to say it, he is utterly unsuited to have the life of an innocent young girl placed in his keeping. You may feel as I do on the point did you know that young man's most unsatisfactory antecedents.

"Unsatisfactory, you say!"

"Most reprehensible. Unfortunately his handsome face and person will give him a standing of his own everywhere. But no prudent minded girl ought to be allowed much intercourse with him. I greatly object to his presence at the Towers."

Mr. Vansittart bent upon her one of his peculiarly penetrating glances.

"In plain words you want him out of your way?"

It was rather a startling fashion of clothing in words the secret of her heart. Mrs. Musgrave shrank a little and looked up, but something in the crafty face of her companion reassured her.

"You need not be afraid of speaking the truth to me, my dear madam. It is exactly what I wish myself."

"Ah!"

"That handsome young man is rather in my way also. Suppose we lay our heads together and remove him out of our path. If you will do the honor to visit our poor abode some one moon, we can discuss the point at our leisure."

Mrs. Musgrave's eyes sparkled.

"I will come soon," she said.

CHAPTER X.

STRANGE DOINGS.

The light of a single lamp only served to illumine faintly the fine proportions of Mr. Vansittart's great library. This library was by far the largest and best room in the house, and Mr. Vansittart's study formed an ante-chamber to it. It was not very often that he sat in the larger apartment; but this evening he was there, and moreover he was not alone.

Lord Mervyn was seated at a table upon which the shaded lamp cast a large ring of concentrated light, and upon the table were several curious old folios and a number of vases containing fluids of different colors, some of which threw off a faint pungent vapor. The ebony divining rod and the large crystal lay in front of the viscount, and he appeared to be gazing into the latter with an intense earnestness.

Mr. Vansittart, seated in the shadow a little way back, watched him intently. Like many thoroughly wicked men, he was intensely superstitious, and perhaps he had inherited from his ancestors a certain faith in the mysteries of magic and witchcraft. He had never penetrated far into the love which fascinated his imagination, and he looked with the more reverence at his companion, who, to his thinking, was deeply versed in all the black arts.

Mervyn held the divining rod in his hand, and from time to time dipped the diamond point into one of the saucers, and made cabalistic signs. His face was intensely grave and pre-occupied.

As he kept silence for what seemed a very long time, Mr. Vansittart ventured to put a question.

"Can you see nothing?"

"I can see something, but it is too blurred to be relied on. The fault is in myself. I have not the faith, the innocence, the submission of will that is needed by the inquirer. We really want a child."

"There is Maidie."

Mervyn looked across at his host.

"Maidie would do excellently, if you cared to press her into the service."

Mr. Vansittart hesitated. He was not fond of trusting anyone, especially when it was a case of looking into secrets past or future. Mervyn calmly awaited his decision, only remarking, carelessly:

"Luckily those who look into the crystal and read its secrets never remember what they read there when their glance is once withdrawn. They are perfectly irresponsible agents, acting under a power they do not understand. That is why children are valuable. They are mere tools. Their own will and comprehension do not come into play at all."

"And they forget, you say?"

"Immediately on removing their eyes."

Mr. Vansittart rose and quietly stole away. Mervyn leaned back in his chair and let the lines of his face relax.

"I do not specially like the business; but I dare not experiment first upon him. I do not think I have lost the power; but it may have decreased for want of practice. If I were to try with him and fail he might suspect something, and the hold I have over him would be gone. At least it will not hurt the child; and she will know nothing about it. It would have a good effect, too, if all goes well, as he knows I can have no collusion with her. He is as full of superstition as he can hold. Lucky he knows so little himself, or he would soon find out that my knowledge is a mere smattering. As it is, he looks upon every bit of hocus-pocus as pure magic."

Mervyn's reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Vansittart, who had Maidie by the hand.

The child's face was blanched nearly the color of her white dress, and her blue eyes were dilated by terror; but when she saw Mervyn she looked greatly relieved.

He came forward smiling, and took her cold hand. In his heart he longed to deal a good blow from the shoulder at the head of the old man, whose presence alone was sufficiently enough to fill an innocent child with horror.

"Do not be afraid," he said kindly, "we only want you to help us with a little experiment. It is not anything at all dreadful. Come to the fire and warm yourself first. Do you think we look very uncanny with our big books and implements?"

"You look very learned," answered Maidie, encouraged by his look and manner, "but I can't think how I can help you."

"I will show you when I am quite sure you are not frightened any more." He still held her hand, and Maidie felt wonderfully soothed and reassured. She had always liked Lord Mervyn, but now she felt that she would do anything in the world that he asked her. A curious sensation of dependence came over her as they stood by the fire together.

"Now then, child," he said presently, "come this way, and we will see what you can do for us."

He led her to the table, and placed her in the chair he had previously occupied himself. Mr. Vansittart had resumed his seat in the shadow, and was watching them both intently.

"Do not be afraid," said Mervyn, stroking the child's golden hair with kindly, soothing touch. "It is nothing at all dreadful we are going to ask of you. You are not afraid now, are you? No? That is well, very well. Now you see that crystal in front of you? Just look well into it, and tell us what you see."

The child did as she was told, and presently began to speak in a low, even voice.

"I see a church—there are some people in it—the church is small—it has pointed windows, and the windows are filled at the bottom with dust and cobwebs. It is not an English church—it is in some country far away. There is a light burning before the altar, and an image of the Holy Virgin."

"And the people?" asked Mervyn.

"It is a wedding party," answered the child; she paused a moment as if at fault, then lifted the rod and made some passes with it as he had done before. In a few seconds she went on more fluently. "There is the priest in his robes, and a little acolyte, and the bridal party came up to him. There is the bride—all in white—very richly dressed in satin and lace, and she leans on the arm of a very old man. Her face is veiled, but it is not a pretty face, and she is lame, and one shoulder is higher than the other. The bridegroom is a small man, very slight and graceful. His hands are very white and beautiful, and his voice is very sweet. His face is turned away. He marries the lady, and the priest blesses them. It is all gone now."

Mervyn glanced at Mr. Vansittart. His face was very pale, but he moved not a muscle as he said, "Not much meaning in all that."

"Not much, apparently. Yet the crystal, when approached as we have approached it, should by rights reflect some of the most important episodes in the life of one of the persons concerned. Shall we try again?"

"There would be no harm in doing so."

Again Mervyn made some play with his sandows and divining rod, and again bid the child look into the crystal and tell what she saw.

"I see the two people who were married. They are in a large, bare, panelled room, like that in a big hotel, and she is in black instead of in white, and she is crying and imploring, and he is very angry and seems as if he would strike her."

"Can you hear what they say?"

"Their voices are so far away that I can only catch a word now and then. It is something about money. She tells him to take it and leave her; and he laughs cruelly, and says he knows how to keep both safe, and to stop her whining as well. Then she shrinks away from him, and he laughs again."

"Can you see his face?"

"Yes, it is thin and smooth and white, and the hair is brown. His lips are always smiling, but they are very thin. His eyebrows are arched and his eyes are like steel points, they glitter and sparkle so. It is a handsome face, but a very wicked one too."

"That will do," said Mr. Vansittart with a smile that was almost ghastly. "The magic does not seem to act to-day. At least one can make no sense of its revelations. Maidie, my dear, you can go."

Maidie raised her head and looked across at her guardian, and then up at Mervyn.

"What a funny stone," she said. "What is it?"

"Only a divining crystal—isn't that a fine sounding name?"

"Yes; but what am I to do?"

"Nothing now—it is all done."

"But I thought you wanted me to help you!"

"Yes, and you have done all we want, and Mervyn laughed at the puzzled face raised to his.

"I haven't done anything but just sit down in this chair. I was waiting to be told what to do."

"Well, you can run away to your sister now, and tell her it was not so very dreadful after all."

(To be Continued.)

The Gentle Art.

—Life.

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Prince of Peacock, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

A "Striking" Suggestion.

Rich Banker (to future son-in-law)—I hope you appreciate, sir, that in marrying my daughter you are marrying a young girl full of heart and generosity.

Poor Young Man—Yes, indeed, sir; and I hope she gets these qualities from her father.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A List of Small Things.

From trifling inventions large fortunes are often made. The pen for shading in different colors yields an income of two hundred thousand dollars per annum. The rubber tip at the end of lead pencils has already made one hundred thousand dollars. A large fortune has been reaped by a miner who invented a metal rivet or eyelet at each end of the mouth of coat or trousers pockets to resist the strain caused by the carriage of pieces of ore or heavy tools. An equally useful invention is the "darning weaver," a device for repairing stockings, under garments, etc., the sale of which is very large and increasing. As large a sum as was ever obtained for any invention was enjoyed by the inventor of the inverted glass bell to hang over gas to protect the ceilings from being blackened, and a scarcely less lucrative patent was that for simply putting emery powder on cloth. The gimlet-pointed screw has produced more wealth than most silver mines, and the American who first thought of putting copper tips to children's shoes has realized a large fortune. Upward of ten thousand dollars a year was made by the inventor of the common needle threader. To the foregoing might be added thousands of trifling but useful articles, for which large sums have been paid. The field of invention is large, and open to everybody, without respect to sex, age, or station.

HIS HEART'S QUEEN

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE TRIUMPH OF WILHELM MENCKE.

The week that followed the laying away of Bertha was one of the saddest that Violet ever spent; but she strove to put her own feelings entirely out of mind, and devoted herself to the task of cheering and comforting the unhappy father.

She never failed to make her appearance at the breakfast-table, clad in a dainty and becoming manner, while she tried to enliven the meal with cheerful conversation and by relating interesting items gleaned from the morning paper and other sources.

At dinner time he always found a tiny vase, containing some fragrant flower, beside his plate, while Violet invariably had some pleasant plan to suggest for the evening.

All these little attentions to his comfort were very soothing to the sorrowing man, and it is not strange that he now regarded Violet as the light of his otherwise desolate home; and it can readily be imagined how like a thunderbolt her proposition to go away and find employment elsewhere, finally burst upon him.

"Go away, Violet!" he repeated, grasping her hands, his face growing white with pain. "I should be desolate! I cannot spare you! No, no, you must not leave me."

"But, Mr. Lawrence," Violet gravely returned, as she gently released her hands, "I have no duties, no regular employment now, and I cannot—must not live in idleness."

"No duties—no employment!" he repeated sorrowfully. "How can you say that when you do so much to cheer me and brighten my home?"

"I am very glad if I have been able to contribute ever so little to your comfort," Violet answered, "but, as I said before, I must not be idle, for—I have my own living to earn, and though I know you are very kind and would not mind giving me a home, yet it is not right and I ought to seek another situation."

"Come here and sit down—I want to talk with you," said Mr. Lawrence, placing a chair for her; then taking another near her, he continued, gravely: "I do not need to tell you that I am a lonely old man—I do not need to remind you that my last object in life has been taken from me, and I have nothing to look forward to in the future but the care of the wealth which I have amassed, and which I hoped and believed was going to contribute so much to the comfort of the dear child whom we have just laid to rest. It—this wealth—now seems almost a burden to me, since I have no one with whom to share it. I have no relatives that I know of, excepting a cousin of whom I used to be quite fond in my youthful days; but I lost sight of her years ago, and have never been able to find her—she, perhaps, is also dead, and if I should be taken away, all that I possess would have to pass into the hands of strangers or be given to some charitable institution. Now, my dear child—and you have become very dear to me, you have won a large place in my heart by your unvarying kindness to my afflicted little girl—you also are alone in the world, and why will you not remain with me and take Bertha's place, as far as possible? Be to me a daughter in her stead, and let me, in return, provide for your future! Violet, do not leave me in my sorrow and loneliness—give me a father's right to care for you, while you can do much to brighten my home with your presence, your youthful life and cheerfulness, and especially with your society, which has been such a solace to me of late. Will you, my child?"

His appeal was both earnest and eager, and Violet knew that he meant every word he uttered.

She believed, too, that it did lie in her power to make his life brighter and happier, while it was no light temptation to be offered such a home, together with all the luxuries and advantages which his wealth and care would provide for her.

If he had never asked her to be his wife—if he had never spoken of a deeper regard than that of a father for her, she might have yielded to his request at once. But it seemed almost like taking a selfish advantage of his kindness, and she could not feel quite justified in securing a future home in this way, after refusing to grant the greater boon that he had once craved, even though he might wish to legally adopt her as his daughter.

But she could not tell him this—it was too delicate a subject to refer to, and she hardly knew what reply to make to him, without seeming either prudish, or unappreciative of his kindness and generosity.

He read something of all this, however, in her downcast look and flushed face, and he hastened to remove whatever barrier might still exist in her mind.

"Forget all the past, Violet," he said, earnestly. "I have done so. I can see now the wisdom of your former decision, and I assure you that you now stand to me only in the place of a dear friend, or daughter, whose future I would shield from care and sorrow as tenderly as if you were really bound to me by the ties of blood."

Violet longed, with all the yearning of her own lonely heart, to give him the promise he desired. She was an orphan, homeless, friendless; there was not a person in the world that she knew of who possessed any genuine affection for her, or upon whom she could rely, except this grand and noble man, who was a comparative stranger to her, yet who attracted her who had seldom been attracted toward any one. It was truly a very alluring proposition, yet something seemed to hold her back—there was instinctive shrinking within her from an obligation so onerous.

She could not have told, however, whether it was simply pride, resenting the idea of receiving such bounty from one whom she had known so short a time, or a feeling of independence, which prompted a desire to support herself.

"What shall I do in this great house, with no child and no object to live for," Mr. Lawrence went on, a note of keen pain in his voice, as he saw no sign of yielding on her part, "with only my housekeeper and servants for companions? What shall I do in this great world without a relative to feel any interest in me or give me a word of sympathy or comfort? Perhaps you may not realize the feeling of desolation as I do, in your youthfulness and enjoyment of life; but it is no light thing for a man to be entirely alone at my age. Violet, I will tell you the necessary papers drawn up to-morrow, if you will only give me leave, and you shall at once become and be publicly introduced as my daughter and future heiress."

Violet lifted a flushed and troubled face to him.

She could not bear that he should suppose, for a moment, that she wanted his money.

"Hat that would not be right, Mr. Lawrence," she said. "If you should ever learn that this cousin, of whom you were so fond, was living, it would seem unjust that I, who am of no kin to you, should succeed to property which other wise would be hers."

Mr. Lawrence's face lighted with a tender, genial smile at this evidence that there was nothing mercenary or avaricious about her.

"Well," he said, with a little laugh, "if your conscience, which I have already learned is a very active and vigilant mentor, would trouble you on that score, I think I shall be able to settle the objection to your entire satisfaction. I will make my will, dividing my property equally—and such a division would make Mary Lawrence, if she is living, a rich woman—half to become my adopted daughter's at my decease, the other half to go to my cousin or her heirs, if she or they can be found."

"I wish you were not a rich man, Mr. Lawrence—if you were only poor now, I would gladly remain with you and be just as good a daughter as I know how to be," Violet returned, with pathetic wistfulness; "but—"

"Oh! so you would like the obligation to fall entirely upon me! Isn't that a trifle selfish, Miss Huntington?" her companion inquired, meekly, but with a roguish twinkle in his eyes.

"But I have so little to give you, and you offer me so much," said the fair girl, with a sigh, but flushing at his way of looking at the subject—she had not thought of it in that light at all.

"You can give me what no amount of wealth could purchase, Violet," Mr. Lawrence responded, earnestly. "You have been giving me, during these days of sadness, what no money could pay for—a bright and cheerful presence at my table, when I have been depressed and dispirited; numberless sympathetic words and little comforting attentions, which I can only liken to the lovely flowers that sometimes bloom at the foot of a glacier; sweet songs, that have been like balm to my wounded heart, and—but why enumerate? Do you understand what I mean, and will you be my daughter, Violet, and let me take care of you?"

"How good you are to me, Mr. Lawrence," she began, gratefully; but the look of perplexity on her young face still told him that she could not see her way clear, even yet, to answer as he desired.

He sat thoughtfully silent for a few moments, then he said with great kindness and gentleness:

"Do not feel that you must decide the matter to-night, Violet. Take a little time to think it over—a week, a month even, if you wish; only try to remember, while you are considering, that there is a lonely, anxious man awaiting a verdict, which will mean a great deal to him which your welfare is concerned."

Violet was relieved by this suggestion.

She could not decide now if forced to do so. She felt that her answer must be in the negative.

Oh! if he had never asked her to be his wife!

She could not readily forget and learn at once to regard him in the light of a father, when he had so recently declared himself her lover. Had that declaration never been made she would never have thought of such a thing, and thus she could easily have stepped into a daughter's place in his home.

Thus the matter rested for a time, and things went on as before.

Mr. Lawrence appeared much more cheerful, however, and was secretly confident that he would win Violet in the end.

So assured of this was he that he made his will that very week, dividing his property, as he said he would do, giving one half to Violet and the other half to Mary Lawrence or her heirs, if she or they could be found within a year after his decease. In case they could not the whole should revert to his adopted daughter.

Then, in order to satisfy Violet still further, he inserted advertisements in several New York and Western papers, in Mary Lawrence's, had formerly been the woman's place of residence—asking for information regarding Miss Lawrence, and stating that she would learn something to her advantage if she would make herself known to the party advertising.

This done Mr. Lawrence then had papers of adoption regularly drawn up and made ready for the young girl's signature, when she should make up her mind fully as to what she would do.

Two or three weeks went by, during which Violet by her tireless efforts to contribute to his comfort, endeared herself more and more to the lonely man.

She, too, seemed to feel more at home and contented with her position, as she saw how much more cheerful and more like himself Mr. Lawrence was becoming, and was quick to note every change in her, was beginning to feel very hopeful as to the final result of her deliberation, when his hopes were suddenly dashed to the earth and his soul shocked to its very center by a terrible and unforeseen calamity.

Violet was very fond of flowers, and liked to have them constantly in the house. Mr. Lawrence had given her permission to purchase more freely, and so there was always a spot of bright color and a breath of fragrance in the various rooms to greet him when he returned to his dinner.

She usually sent the coachman for them, unless she or Mr. Lawrence purchased them while they were out driving; but one day she forgot to give her order at the usual time, and when she did remember it the man had been sent upon some other errand.

It was late in the afternoon, and the day had been very damp and cloudy, but Violet could not bear the thought of having Mr. Lawrence come home to dinner and miss the customary vase of fresh flowers from his table.

"I will run out and get them myself," she remarked to the housekeeper. "I have had no exercise to day, and it is not far to the florist's."

Mrs. Davis remarked that she would wait for John—he might be back in season—or send one of the other servants.

"I know Mr. Lawrence would much prefer to miss the flowers than to have you go out in the wet and cold for them," she said, in conclusion.

But Violet insisted that she would like the walk, and said she would not be long. So robing herself in a long, warm ulster, and donning her seal-skin cap—Mr. Lawrence's Christmas gift to her—she tripped along to Johnson's, only a few blocks distant, to get the coveted flowers.

The walk did her good; the air was raw and cold, it is true, but her blood was bounding warm, and her cheeks glowed, her eyes were brilliant from her exercise when she reached the florist's.

There were several customers ahead of her and she had to wait some time before her order could be attended to.

At last, however, her selections were made, and she started homeward.

She was surprised to find how dark it had grown as she came out upon the street, with a fine, cutting rain falling, and the wind was fairly at her back, but the young girl hurried, only eager to get home and have her flowers arranged before Mr. Lawrence's return.

She did not mind the rain very much, for she was well and strong, but there seemed to be a heavy fog with it, and her heart beat faster than was pleasant with a sense of fear at being out alone on such a night.

She had retraced about half the distance when just as she was about to pass a narrow lane that led between two tall buildings, a strangely familiar voice called out appealingly:

"Violet! Violet, wait a moment. I have something to say to you!"

Her heart leaped into her throat, while her face grew white and almost rigid with sudden fear of impending evil.

But she involuntarily slackened her pace, or rather her limbs seemed to fail her all at once, and the next moment she saw looming up before her, out of the darkness and fog, the huge proportions and coarse visage of Wilhelm Mencke.

"What are you in such a tearing hurry for, little sister," he asked in a tone which he tried to modulate affectionately, as he turned and began to walk along with her.

"It is late, and I am anxious to hasten home," Violet panted nervously.

"It is rather late, and a nasty night, too, for a girl like you to be out alone," her companion remarked, as he peered more closely into her face.

"Please do not detain me, Wilhelm, or I shall not get back in time for dinner," she urged, tremulously, as she began to quicken her steps again, and growing more and more frightened in his presence.

"You might let dinner wait a few minutes, it seems to me, for the sake of doing an old friend a good turn," the man said, in a reproachful tone.

Violet's sympathetic heart was always touched by the troubles of others, and even though she both feared and loathed her brother-in-law, in his present condition, she could not turn away from his appeal.

"What can I do for you?" she asked, "do you want some more money?" and her hand sought the pocket of her ulster and drew forth her purse.

"Well, it's rather humiliating to confess it, little sister," Wilhelm Mencke returned, with a disagreeable laugh, "but I am rather hard up, and a little money would help me out amazingly."

Violet thought that the quickest way to get rid of him would be to give him what he wanted, so she stopped and began to unfasten her purse.

"Tut, tut, Violet; don't show your money on the street; some thief may be on the watch," her companion added, glancing about him, with an air of suspicion; but he was not on the lookout for thieves, as will soon appear.

"Just let us step around this corner where it is a little more quiet, then you may give me a couple of dollars, if you please."

She followed him without thinking whither he was leading her, but only thought was to give him the money he asked, and escape from this disagreeable companionship as soon as possible; she did not even notice that a close carriage was standing near, its door wide open, while the driver sat upon his box, his reins gathered up as if just ready to start.

Wilhelm Mencke led her close up to it, remarking that she could "see by that coach lantern as the street light was upon the opposite corner, and it wouldn't take but a minute to find what she wanted to give him."

All unsuspicious of any design upon her personally, Violet bent forward to count him out the money, when he suddenly gathered her slight form in his arms, leaped into the carriage, slammed the door, and clapping his great, fat hand over her mouth, to prevent her screaming for aid, they were driven rapidly away in the darkness and thickening fog.

Violet struggled and fought desperately to release herself from the vise-like grasp of her captor, but it was all vain, for he was like a child in his clutch, while every now and then, as they passed a street light, she caught a glimpse of his face—more bloated and revolting than ever in its close proximity to hers, and saw that it was gleaming with a look of evil triumph.

"I have you at last, Vio!" he chuckled, as he caught her terrified glance. "It has been a long and tedious watch—thought I should never catch you out alone; but I guess I'll get paid for it in the end. Now," he added, as she continued to struggle for her liberty, "you may just as well be quiet and peaceable, for you cannot get away. You don't seem to be very fond and brotherly embrace, eh? Well, all you have to do is to promise that you will be mum, and make no effort to attract attention, and I'll let you go. Will you?"

Anything would be better, Violet thought, than to be crushed against his breast in that rough fashion, with the hot fumes of his beer-laden breath beating upon her face, and she nodded her head to signify that she would make no outcry.

"Honor bright?" questioned her captor, cautiously, before letting her go.

She nodded her head again, and he instantly released her; but a smile of triumph lighted his face as he realized that at last he had snared his bird.

He had seen prowling about in the vicinity of Mr. Lawrence's residence when Violet started out for her flowers, and felt that his time had finally come. He followed her to the florist's, then seeking a carriage stand near by, he engaged a hack, the driver of which he knew and had partially engaged for a service of this kind some time previous, and directed that it should be driven a little way down the quiet street before referred to, and wait there until he came with his "game." Then he returned to the florist's, waited until Violet came out, when he followed her as far as the alley, and then accosted her as related.

(To be Continued.)

Carving Sets—Fish, Game and Meat—cheap and handsome. Beautiful little Trinket Trays (oxydized), and innumerable novelties, suitable for wedding and birthday present, at J. E. Brown, 118 Yonge street.

Not February.

Teacher—Which is the shortest month of the year?

Small Boy—Orgust.

Teacher—August!

Small Boy—Yes'm. That's the last month of vacation.

A Woman's Reason.

Clara—Jack intends to have everything his own way when we are married.

Clara's Mamma—Then why do you marry him?

Clara—To relieve his mind of a false impression.—*Life.*

They Die With the Year.

Flowers are for all times and for all occasions.

The year is nearly ended. Drawing to its close, it brings in its train but two more flowers, symbolic of the season.

Flowers grace the festal board, the conqueror's path, the blushing bride, the tomb. Their sweet incense rises for our joy and consolation at each remove of life, from the cradle to the grave.

Even the mouths have their flowers, symbolic of the change of season. To name the daughters of the years is to weave a delicious wreath of garlands on the chain of love and beauty.

January is symbolized by the snow-drop. This flower signifies a friend in need. It likewise is an expression of hope. It is the first born of the flowers of spring. Coming at a time when nature is wrapped in snow and ice, this flower, as the first harbinger of the reawakening year, is poetically deemed the symbol of friendship in adversity.

February is speeded by the coming of the golden-chalced crocus. This flower is traditionally a token of cheerfulness. The glowing colors has long sung since Virgil's time, and holds its place of honor to-day. It comes, as has been written, "before the swallow dares."

March is exalted by the violet. Violets are considered typical of modesty and faithfulness. Burns says "the violet is for modesty." All poets, from Homer to Tennyson, have eulogized this faithful flower. The master bard, Shakespeare, chose the nodding violet as his favorite flower.

Upon April appears with her smiles and her tears she brings with her the lily cups, "those flowers made of light." Purity, sweetness and majesty, these are the tokens of the lily. So beautiful was the lily held that the ancients dedicated it to Juno. On the arms of France the lily signifies love, justice and charity. The next of the flowers of the season May, is the primrose. The primrose has a cup of pale gold, whose beauty has won for this flower the proud name of queen.

Next, along comes June, "sweet-breathing June," bringing with her the daisies. Next to the rose the daisy has received the most attention from the poets. Beauty and innocence—these are the sentiments figured by this favorite flower.

July is glorified, in the floral world, by bees, and the clover. The clover signifies "I promise," and as such has been adopted as the national emblem of Ireland—this the white clover, or shamrock:

August is typified by the beautiful blue harebell, graceful, modest and sweet, haunted by butterflies and the warm coasted insects that live their short life in the heat of August.

September, brilliant in her purple-colored landscape, brings the glorious golden rod. This flower, bright yellow and very showy, is a badge of encouragement.

The aster has been rightly named the after-thought of Flora, for it often lingers along in early October, when other flowers are scarce. Hence it signifies after-thought, or love of variety.

In November, when woods and fields are bare, along comes "the hardy, brave chrysanthemum."

Then comes December, and then, too, the holly, its shining green foliage and brilliant red berries outdaring cold winter's wrath. Christmas crowned with this emblem is made the gladdest season of the year. The holly is a type of foresight, or, as Southey says: "I, in this wisdom of the holly-tree, can emblems see."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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If you never have danced we guarantee that you will thoroughly comprehend and be able to dance the Waltz, Polka, Jersey, Ripple, Rye, Bronco, Schottische, Galop and Detroit—9 dances—

In Three to Six (private) Lessons

Gentlemen: You are treated in like manner.

CLASSES MEET

Children (advanced)—Fridays, 4 to 6 p.m.
Children (beginners)—Saturdays, 2 to 4 p.m.
N. B.—Saturday morning Children's class full to the doors.
Ladies' and Gentlemen (social practice)—Wednesdays, 8 to 11 p.m.
Ladies (beginners) commence Monday next, 7.30 p.m.
Private lessons given when not occupied with classes.

Academy, 102 Wilton Ave., cor. of Mutual St.

PROF. JNO. F. DAVIS

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BEAUTIFUL
OVERCOATS
FOR THE BOYS

We call attention to the great assortment of Boys' Overcoats in all the newest and prettiest patterns. Our facilities for the production of HIGH GRADE OVERCOATS is unsurpassed, and our stock is unrivalled.

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W. RUTHERFORD - - Manager

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HAVE THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF

CARRIAGE RUGS

In the city. Prices from $2.50 to $25 each.

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HORSES' CLOTHING

FULL LINE OF

English Saddles, Bridles and Martingales

The Outfit Complete

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6 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

A CHAMBER in soft torquoise or robin's egg blue, pinky salmon and creamy tones. The ceiling in delicate flower tracery. A pretty blending of all the tones in the cornice and frieze. The wall in a watered silk paper. Woodwork quiet, grayish blue and salmon, not necessarily expensive, but very taking. Allow us to show you how it may be done in your chambers.

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Room 6, 172 Yonge Street, Toronto
Taught in One Lesson
Proficiency guaranteed. Terms $1.50.

THE BON MARCHE'S
SLAUGHTER SALE

Of Mantles, Walking Jackets, Dolmans and Ulsters

FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN

ALL SIZES! ALL STYLES! ALL PRICES!

This is a great sacrifice sale, a money-saving sale, in fact a sale that will pay buyers to come from a distance, as neither cost nor value has been considered, and every garment marked away down in price to effect a speedy clearance.

COME ONE! COME ALL! AND COME QUICKLY!

Also Next Week at a Terrific Reduction

Mantle Cloths! Ulster Cloths! Sealettes!

Our prices for these goods must be seen to realize how very cheap they are. However, the following quotations will give you some idea of how we cut the prices away down:

LOT 1—Heavy All-wool Scotch Ulster Cloths in Checks, Stripes and Fancy Patterns (1 1-2 yards wide), 75c., worth $1.50.

LOT 2—Heavy All-wool Scotch Ulster Cloths in Checks, Stripes and Fancy Patterns (1 1-2 yards wide), $1.00, worth $2.00.

BEAUTIFUL SILK SEALETTES (27 inches wide), $1.50, worth $3.00.

No matter what distance you come—no matter whether you buy or not—make a point of attending this great Bargain Sale now going on at

THE BON MARCHE - - 7 & 9 KING STREET EAST

THIS PRETTY GIRL KNOWS

that a Health Brand Undervest is Comfort and Luxury combined. The latest and best thing out. Just introduced. Ask to see them, but REMEMBER that unless you see the word "Health" plainly stamped on the Garment it won't be the right thing.

For sale by W. A. Murray & Co.

HEALTH

THIS IS THE TRADE MARK

of the "Health" brand of Ladies' Undervests, and unless it appears on the goods you buy you will not be getting the genuine "HEALTH" BRAND which has been so highly recommended by the PHYSICIANS OF CANADA. Look well at this stamp so that you will recognize it when you see it on the goods.

THE PEERLESS

Mason & Risch PIANOS

PEERLESS
In Purity, Richness and Brilliancy of Tone
PEERLESS
In Precision and Responsive Elasticity of Action
PEERLESS
In Great Power of Standing in Tune
PEERLESS
In Artistic Elegance of Finish and Design

Peerless in Reputation

WAREROOMS | 32 KING STREET WEST, 653 QUEEN STREET WEST, | TORONTO

HAMMOND'S FUR CAPES

Beaver Capes from $24 up. Excellent value
Seal Capes, very fine and choice
Alaska Sable Capes, stylish and warm
Seal Walking Jackets as low as $90

P. S.—Our old and low prices will continue for a short time longer, notwithstanding the increase in the price of furs.

Hammond, 129 Yonge Street, Toronto

Our stock of Overcoats for Children and Boys is the most complete and varied in the city. Overcoats of many fabrics, shades and styles, all well-made, perfect-fitting garments, and warranted to look well in the critical eyes of any mother who takes a pride in dressing her boys. The prices are the most moderate. When he wants his Winter Suit and Overcoat remember the money-saving place,

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street

FINE TAILORING

I have just received a full assortment of all the latest novelties in Suitings, Trouserings, Overcoatings, etc., purchased from the best markets for the Fall trade. Gentlemen requiring a first-class, perfect-fitting Suit or Overcoat, should not fail to call on

JOHN J. TONKIN

COR. YONGE & RICHMOND, TORONTO.

WE have had gloomy weather for the past few days. We hope for brighther weather now. A bright cheerful stock needs bright cheerful weather to make it move. Our Overcoat Department has many attractive features for this season. The usual painstaking care in its selection and yet aiming to keep prices down to meet the purses of the masses has been our rule and practice. Come to-night and look our stock over.

T. K. ROGERS
Men's Clothier 522 Queen St. West

Elegant Plush Mantles

OUR SPECIALTY is Plush Cloaks and Jackets. We show a choice collection of Silk Plush Jackets this season, made up in the newest shapes with quilted satin lining from $17. In three-quarter-length Plush Jackets, made up in combination with Astrachan and Persian Lamb Sleeves and Collars, our assortment is large and attractive. Our Plush Dolmans from $20 are not to be surpassed either for style or price. Elegantly Braided and Applique Plush Dolmans for matronly ladies are really handsome. Special attention is given to the MANUFACTURE OF PLUSH AND SEALETTE GARMENTS of every description, employing only efficient German tailors on this work Perfect fit guaranteed.

N.B.—Mail orders promptly attended to.

R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35 and 37 King Street East; 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street

Misses E. and H. Johnston have now in stock an elegantly fitting corset, manufactured especially for them, and carrying out in its fashioning the correct idea of perfection in fit. All figures can be exactly suited.

HENRY C. FORTIER
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Office 16 Victoria Street. Evenings, 57 Murray Street.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ALEXANDER—At Toronto, on November 7, Mrs. George T. Alexander—a son.

JONES—At Oshawa, on October 31, Mrs. C. A. Jones—a son.

HAGAN—At Toronto, on November 8, Mrs. J. B. Hagan—a son.

BLIZARD—At Toronto, on November 6, Mrs. J. Blizard—a daughter.

SYMONS—At Toronto, on November 7, Mrs. William L. Symons—a son.

SMOKE—At Toronto, on November 9, Mrs. Franklin Smoke—a son.

COATSWORTH—At Toronto, on November 10, Mrs. Charles E. Coatsworth—a son.

Marriages.

LIVINGSTON—WILTSHIRE—At Toronto, on November 7, Henry Armstrong Livingston to Madeline Ellen Wiltshire.

DEAN—YEO—At Toronto, on November 6, William Alvin Dean to Edith J. Yeo.

ELLIS—BROWNLEE—At Toronto, on November 5, Henry W. Ellis of Vaughan to Catharine Brownlee.

MARSDEN—BRIMACOMBE—At Toronto, on November 6, William Wood Marsden to Lena May Brimacombe.

SHEPPARD—DAVIDSON—At Toronto, on November 5, George H. Sheppard to Susan Davidson.

THOMPSON—WINNETT—At Toronto, on November 5, Samuel H. Thompson to Lillian Winnett.

OKE—McLEAN—At Toronto, on November 6, George Henry Oke of Oshawa to Elizabeth McLean of Port Perry.

FORBES—O'BRIEN—At Toronto, on October 28, Disney Luth Forbes to Jennie O'Brien.

MILLS—McLAB—At Toronto, on November 6, Joseph Mills to Jessie Millar.

DAVIES—RICE—At Toronto, on November 6, Harrie Poyntz Davies to Alice Bloor Rice.

Deaths.

ALEXANDER—At the residence of his father, Mr. Charles Alexander, Montreal, on November 7, Thomas Kellier Alexander. Deceased was a brother of Mrs. Robt. Darling of Toronto, and well-known in curling circles.

WRIGHT—At Georgetown, on November 9, John Wright, aged 22 years.

ASHBRIDGE—At Toronto, on November 8, Jonathan Ashbridge, aged 71 years.

COOK—At Stouffville, on November 7, Philip Cook, aged 59 years.

THACKER—At London, Eng., on November 11, John Thacker.

DEADY—At Simcoe, on November 9, Mabel Deady, aged 21 years.

McCARTY—At Stouffville on November 11, Mrs. Daniel McCarty, aged 45 years.

SNIDER—At Toronto, on November 11, infant daughter of Rufus O. and Annie Snider.

BROOMHAW—At Toronto, on November 11, Thomas Broomhaw, aged 47 years.

FIM—At Toronto, on November 11, Mrs. Samuel Fim.

O'LEARY—At Toronto, on November 9, Mrs. Ellen O'Leary, aged 87 years.

YOUNG—At Toronto, Mrs. Ann Lattimor Young, aged 72 years.

ALEXANDER—At Montreal, on November 7, Thomas Kellier Alexander.

BLACK—At Toronto, on November 10, William G. Black.

DAY—At Toronto, on November 10, James E. Day, aged 65 years.

LESLIE—At Highland Creek, on November 9, Joseph Leslie, aged 67 years.

WATSON—At Leeds, England, on November 9, Mrs. Sarah Ann Watson, aged 68 years.

WOOD—At Deer Park, on November 8, Mrs. George W. Wood, aged 46 years.

DEANS—on November 6 Mary Deans, aged 23 years.

FUSSELL—At Toronto, on November 6, Mrs. Thomas Fussell, sr., aged 64 years.

WILSON—At Toronto, on November 7, Hugh Wilson, aged 61 years.

ASHBRIDGE—At Toronto, on November 8, Jonathan Ashbridge, aged 71 years.

WM. MILLS, L.D.S., D.D.S., Dentist
North Cor. Yonge and Albert Streets. Entrance 4 Albert Street, Toronto.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
325 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

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Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto.

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Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
24 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tele. 2266

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346 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Tel. No. 2004.

H. BARITTA MULL
School of Voice Culture and Singing
Opens September 1

The method used in voice-building is that of the old Italians, the object of which is to obtain pure and beautiful singing. Mr. Mull, formerly a pupil of Signor Barili, is her and teacher of the famous *prima donna* Adelina and Carlotta Patti.

VOICE TESTED FREE OF CHARGE.

Room 20, new building corner of Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

GRAND NATIONAL Hack and Coupe Stables, 168 Mutual St. Handsome turnouts with careful drivers any time day or night.
Telephone 2104
Arthur M. Bowman
Proprietor

WANTED—YOUNG BACHELOR, STRANGER, wishes pleasant home for the winter with refined Protestant family, where he would be company, near street cars. Address "R" SATURDAY NIGHT office.

DANCING
PROF. THOMAS'
Academy, 344 Yonge Street
Surpasses any other dancing academy in Dominion for size and elegance. Our rapid growth in Toronto is a good proof that *Prof. Thomas is the Teacher!* For we have accomplished in the three years a better result in that period than another teacher of a quarter of a century's teaching, because we are proficient, and teach "quality" and not quantity. We now hold the proud position of teaching Dancing and Calisthenics in five of the leading "Ladies Seminaries" in Toronto. Classes continually forming. Our assemblies commence next month "Marciano's Orchestra in attendance."

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HARRY WEBB'S
FOR ESTIMATES FOR
Dinners
At Homes
Weddings
Banquets
Ball Suppers
Receptions, etc.
EVERY MINUTIAE
66-68 and 447 Yonge St., Toronto

$23.50
We are selling a
BEDROOM SUITE
with Bevel, British MIRROR PLATE, square or circular, beautifully finished in ANTIQUE for above price.
You should secure one of those plums.
R. POTTER & CO.
Cor. Queen and Portland Sts.
Telephone 1384

KINDLING
00 BUNDLES FOR $1
The Shannon Shingle Manufacturing Co.
TORONTO ONT.
Manufacturers and Shippers of Surplus

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

SALE OF SILKS
We are just entering upon our
SILK BARGAIN SEASON
Now is the time to make a selection

Rich Black Surahs, reduced to 60c., 75c., 85c., $1 and $1 25 per yard.

Heavy Soft and Elegantly Finished Luxors, at $1, $1.25 and $1 50 per yard.

Popular Black Satin Merve, at 37½c., 45c., 50c., 60c., 75c. and 85c. per yard.

Black Satins, 25 inches wide, at 75c., $1 and $1.25, worth one third more.

Black and Colored Silk Failles, noted for their superior wearing qualities, at 90c. and $1 per yard, worth $1 25 and $1 35.

Black Moires, at 40c., 50c., 65c., 75c. and $1, all reduced in price.

Black Gros Grain Silks, at 70c, 75c., 85c., 90c., $1 and $1.25, decidedly the best value in Canada.

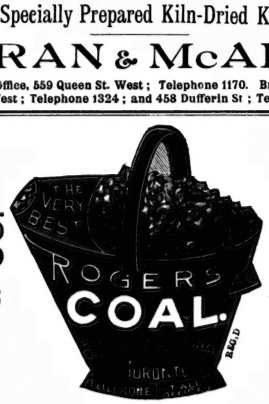
Our display of Evening Silks in Brocades, Surahs and Failles embrace all the very latest shades, and our prices will be found to favor our patrons.

R. SIMPSON'S
S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORMENT OF
DIAMONDS.
At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.
GEO. E. TROREY
Manufacturing Jeweler
61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

COAL AND WOOD
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
COAL—Very finest qualities in the market of Egg, Grate, Stove, Chestnut and Soft Coal.
WOOD—Hard and Soft. All kinds constantly on hand.
100 Bundles Specially Prepared Kiln-Dried Kindling for $1
KEIRAN & McADAM
OFFICES—Head Office, 559 Queen St. West; Telephone 1170. Branch Offices—737½ Queen St. West; Telephone 1324; and 458 Dufferin St; Telephone 5044

ELIAS ROGERS & CO.



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J. & J. LUGSDIN

Fashionable Furriers
Short Sealskin Jackets
Long Sealskin Coats
Sealskin Dolmans
Fur-lined Overcoats
Fur-lined Circulars
Seal and Persian Lamb Capes
FUR GLOVES, FUR MATS, ROBES, Etc.
J. & J. LUGSDIN
Manufacturers - - 101 Yonge Street

A full line of the leading English and American Silk and Felt Hats always in stock. A large consignment of Lincoln & Bennett's celebrated London Hats just arrived. Our new Illustrated Catalogue just out. Call or send for one.

THE GOLDEN CROWN
GREAT NOVEMBER SALE
OF
Millinery, Mantles and Dress Goods

Mantle Department
Notwithstanding the very large trade done in the department this season we find our stock too heavy. To make a clearance we have made some startling cuts. We show extra value in Sealettes, and devote special attention to the making of them.

Dress Department
Our stock is large, well assorted, and cannot be surpassed in value.
All-wool Henriettas, worth 65c., selling at 40c.
All wool Amazon, " 50 " 37½.
All wool Serges " 60 " 35.
Ladies' made-up Costumes always in stock.

Millinery Department
This being our leading department we will, during this month, offer extra inducements. The newest shape, the most artistic trimmings at sale prices is what we offer.
Ostrich Feathers, bought at 50c. in the dollar a special attraction.

MacLean & Mitchell, 240 and 242 Yonge St.

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BOND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY
OF ONTARIO, Limited
INCORPORATED FEB. 27, 1890 - CAPITAL, $1,000,000
GENERAL OFFICES:
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Receives and invests sinking funds and invests moneys generally for others and offers the best terms therefor.
Every dollar invested with or through this Company earns the highest returns and is absolutely safe.
All investments are guaranteed.
THE INVESTMENT BONDS of the Company are issued in amounts of $100 and upward and offer unparalleled inducements for accumulative investments of small amounts, monthly, or at larger periods for terms of years from five upwards, and the investor is not only absolutely protected against loss of a single dollar, but can rely upon the largest returns consistent with security.
Correspondence solicited and promptly replied to.

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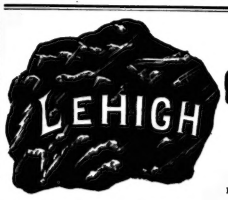

GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y.